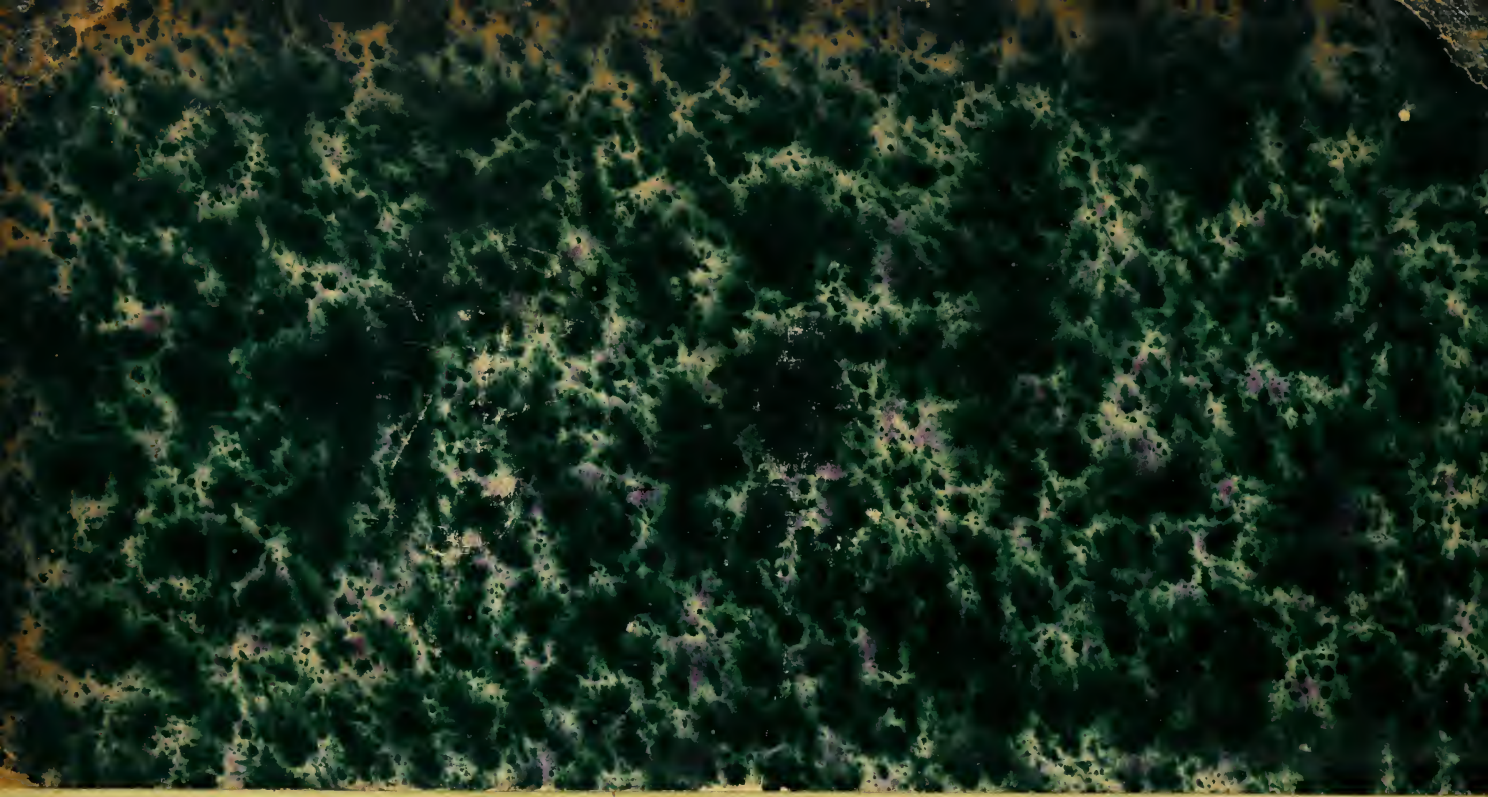

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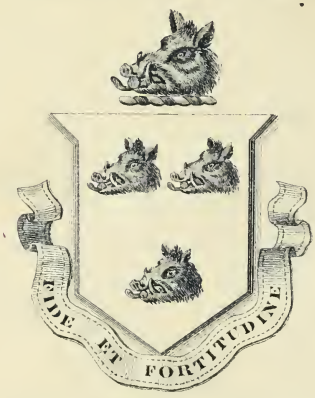

Thomas Pennant Barton.

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A

TRAGI-COOMODIE,

CALLED

THE WITCH;

Long since acted by His Maties Servants at the BLACK-FRIERS.

Written by THO. MIDDLETON.

149.524
May. 1873

TO THE

TRUELY-WORTHIE

AND

GENEROUSLY-AFFECTED

THOMAS HOLMES, Esquire.

Noble Sir,

AS a true teſtemonie of my readie inclination to your ſervice, I have (meerely uppon a taſt of yo^{r} deſire) recovered into my hands (though not without much difficultie) this (ignorantly-ill-fated) labour of mine.

Witches are *(ipſo facto)* by y^{e} law condemn'd & y^{t} onely (I thinck) hath made her lie ſo long in an impriſond obſcuritie: for yo^{r} ſake alone She hath thus far conjur'd herſelf abroad; and beares noe other charmes about her, but what may tend to yo^{r} recreation; nor no other ſpell but to poſſes you with a belief, that as She, ſo He that firſt taught her to enchant, will alwaies be

Your devoted

THO. MIDDLETON.

The Sceane RAVENNA.

THE PERSONS.

DUKE.
L. GOVERNOR.
SEBASTIAN, contracted to Iſabella.
FERNANDO, his Frend.
ANTONIO, Huſband to Iſabella.
ABBERZANES, a Gent. neither honeſt, wiſe, nor valiant.
ALMACHILDES, a fantaſticall Gentleman.
GASPERO, HERMIO, } Servants to Antonio.
FIRE-STONE, the Clowne and Heccat's Son.

DUCHESSE.
ISABELLA, Niece to the Governor.
FRANCISCA, Antonio's Siſter.
AMORETTA, the Ducheſs Woman.
FLORIDA, a Curtezan.
HECCAT, the Chief Witch.
STADLIN, HOPPO, } Witches.
OTHER WITCHES AND SERVANTS, Mutts.

THE WITCH.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCEª PRIMA.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Fernando.

Seb. MY three yeeres ſpent in war, has now undon
My peace for ever.

Fer. Good, be patient, Sir.

Seb. She is my wife by contract before heaven,
And all the angells, Sir.

Fer. I doe beleeve you;
But where's the remedie now? You ſee ſhee's gon;
Another has poſſeſſion.

Seb. Ther's the torment.

Fer. This day, being the firſt of your returne
Unlucky proves the firſt too of her faſtning.
Her uncle (Sir) the Governor of Ravenna
Holding a good opinion of the bride-groome
As he's faire-ſpoken (Sir) and wondrous mild—

Seb. There goes the devill in a ſheepe-ſkyn.

Fer. With all ſpeed
Clap'd it up ſodainely: I cannot thinck (ſure)
That the maid over-loves him: though being married
Perhaps (for her owne creadit) now ſhe intends
Performance of an honeſt duteous wife.

Seb. Sir, I've a world of buſynes; queſtion nothing:
You will but looſe your labour; 'tis not fitt
For any (hardly mine owne ſecrecie)
To know what I intend. I take my leave (Sir)
I find ſuch ſtrange employments in myſelfe
That unles death pitty me, and lay me downe
I ſhall not ſleepe theis ſeaven yeares; that's the leaſt (Sir). [*Exit.*

Fer. That ſorrow's dangerous can abide no councell,
'Tis like a wound paſt cure: wrongs done to love
Strike the hart deepely: none can truely judge on't
But the poore ſenſible ſufferer whom it racks
With unbelieved paines, which men in health
That enjoy love, not poſſibly can act,

(Nay

(Nay not ſo much as thinck) in troth I pitty him.
His ſighes drinck life-blood in this time of feaſt-
ing:—
A banquet towards too? Not yet hath riott
Plaid out her laſt ſceane? At ſuch enterteyne-
ments ſtill
Forgetfullnes obeys and ſurfeyt governes:
Heer's marriage ſweetely honourd in gorg'd ſto-
machs
And over-flowing cupps.

Enter Gaſpero *and Servant.*

Gaſ. Where is ſhe (Sirha?)
Ser. Not farr off.
Gaſ. Pree-thee, where? goe fetch her hether:
I'll ridd him away ſtraight. The king's now
riſſen (Sir).
Fer. I am a joyfull man to heare it (Sir)
It ſeemes h'as drunck the leſſe: though I thinck
he
That has the leaſt has certenly enough.— [*Exit.*
Gaſ. I have obſerv'd this fellow all the feaſt-
time;
He hath not pledg'd one cup, but lookd moſt
wickedly
Upon good Malego; flyes to the black jack ſtill
And ſticks to ſmall drinck like a water-rat.

Enter Florida.

Oh, here ſhe comes; alas, the poore whore weepes,
'Tis not for grace now, all the world muſt judge;
It is for ſpleene and madnes gainſt this marriage:
I doe but thinck how ſhe could beat the vicar now,
Scratch the man horribly that gave the woman,
The woman worſt of all, if ſhe durſt doe it.
Why how now (Miſtris) this weeping needs not, for though
My maſter marry, for his reputation,
He meanes to keepe you too.
Flo. How, Sir?
Gaſ. He doth, indied.
He ſwore't to me laſt night: are you ſo ſimple
(And have byn five yeares traded?) as to thinck
One woman would ſerve him? fye; not an empreſſe:
Why, hee'll be ſick o'th' wife within ten nightes,
Or never truſt my judgement.
Flo. Will he, thinck'ſt thou?
Gaſ. Will he?
Flo. I find thee ſtill ſo comfortable,
Beſhrew my hart, if I knew how to miſſe thee:
They talk of gentlemen, perfumers, and ſuch things:

Give

Give me the kindnes of the maſter's man
In my diſtreſſe, ſay I.
Gaſ. 'Tis your great love (forſooth)
Pleaſe you with-draw yourſelf to yond privat parlor:
I'll ſend you venſon, cuſtard, parſnip-pie:
For banquetting ſtuff (as ſucketts, jellyes, ſirrups)
I will bring in myſelf.
Flo. I'll take 'em kindly, Sir. [*Exit.*
Gaſ. S'has your grand ſtrumpetts complement to a tittle.
'Tis a faire building: it had need: it has
Juſt at this time ſome one and twenty in-mates:
But half of 'em are yong merchants; they'll depart ſhortly.
(They take but romes for ſom̃er, and away they
When't growes fowle weather) mary, then come the tearmers
And comonly they're well booted for all ſeaſons.

Enter Almachildes *and* Amoretta.

But peace: noe word: the gueſts are coming in.
Al. The Fates have bleſsd me: have I met you privatly?
Am. Why, Sir? why, Almachildes?
Al. Not a kiſſe?
Am. I'll call alowd, y-faith.
Al. I'll ſtopp your mouth.

Am.

Am. Upon my love to reputation
I'll tell the ducheſſe once more.
Al. 'Tis the way to make her laugh a litle.
Am. She'll not thinck
That you dare uſe a maid of honour thus.
Al. Amſterdam ſwallow thee for a puritaine,
And Geneva caſt thee up againe, like ſhe that ſunck
At Charing-croſſe, and roſe againe at Queen-hith.
Am. I, theis are the ſilly fruites of the ſweete vine, Sir.
Al. Sweet venery be with thee, and I at the taile
Of my wiſh! I am a litle head-ſtrong, and ſoe
Are moſt of the company. I will to the witches.
They ſay they have charmes and tricks to make

Enter Duke, Ducheſs, L. Governor, Antonio, *and* Iſabella, Franciſca.

A wench fall backwards, and lead a man herſelf
To a cuntry-houſe ſome mile out of the towne,
Like a fire-drake. There be ſuch whorſon kind
Girles, and ſuch bawdy witches, and I'll try
Concluſions.
Du. A bancket yet! why ſurely (my Lord Governor)
Bacchus could never boaſt of a day till now,
To ſpread his powre, and make his glory knowne.

Duch.

Duch. Sir, y'have done nobely; though in modeſtie
You keepe it from us, know we underſtand ſo much,
All this daies coſt 'tis your great love beſtowes,
In honor of the bride, your vertuous neice.
Gov. In love to goodnes, and your preſence (Madam)
So underſtood, 'tis rightly.
Du. Now will I
Have a ſtrange health after all theis.
Gov. What's that (my Lord?)
Du. A health in a ſtrange cup; and't ſhall goe round.
Gov. Your grace need not doubt that (Sir) having ſeene
So many pledg'd already: this faire company
Cannot ſhrinck now for one; ſo it end there.
Du. It ſhall, for all ends here: heere's a full period.
Gov. A ſkull (my Lord?)
Du. Call it a ſouldier's cup (man)
Fye, how you fright the women! I have ſworne
It ſhall goe round, excepting only you (Sir)
For your late ſicknes, and the bride herſelf,
Whoſe health it is.
Iſa. Mary, I thanck heaven for that.

Du.

Du. Our ducheſſe, I know will pledge us, though the cup
Was once her father's head; which as a trophee
Wee'l keep till death in memory of that conqueſt.
He was the greateſt foe our ſteele ere ſtrook at,
And he was bravely ſlayne: then tooke we thee
Into our boſome's love: thou madeſt the peace
For all thy cuntry: thou: that beutie did.
We are deerer to thee then a father? are we not?

Duch. Yes (Sir) by much.

Du. And we ſhall find that ſtraight.

Ant. That's an ill bride-cup for a marriage day;
I doe not like the face on't.

Gov. Good my lord
The ducheſſe lookes pale: let her not pledge you there.

Du. Pale?

Duch. Sir, not I.

Du. Se how your Lordſhip failes now;
The roſe not freſher; nor the ſun at riſing
More comfortably pleaſing.

Duch. Sir, to you,
The lord of this day's honour.

Ant. All firſt moving
From your grace (Madam) and the Duke's great favour;
Since it muſt.

Fran.

Fran. This the worſt fright that could come
To a conceald great belly: I'me with child,
And this will bring it out, or make me come
Some ſeaven weekes ſooner then we maidens reckon.

Duch. Did ever cruell barbarous art match this?
Twice hath his ſurfeytes brought my father's memory
Thus ſpightfully and ſcornefully to mine eies,
And I'll endure't no more, 'tis in my hart ſince:
I'll be reveng'd as far as death can lead one.

Al. Am I the laſt man then? I may deſerve
To be firſt one daie.

Gov. Sir, it has gon round now.

Du. The round? an excellent way to trayne up ſoldiers!
Where's bride and bride-groome?

An. At your happie ſervice.

Du. A boy to night at leaſt: I charge you looke to't,
Or I'll renounce you for induſtrious ſubjects.

An. Your Grace ſpeakes like a worthie and tryde ſoldier. [*Ex*t.

Gaſ. And you'll doe well, for one that nere toſt pike (Sir). [*Exit.*

SCE*

SCE. 2a.

Enter Heccat; *and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting.)*

Hec. Titty, and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard, and Robin!
White ſpirits, black ſpiritts, redd ſperitts;
Devill-Toad, Devill-Ram, Devill-Catt, and Devill-Dam.
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwyn and Prickle!
Stad. Here, ſweating at the veſſell.
Hec. Boyle it well.
Hop. It gallops now.
Hec. Are the flames blew enough?
Or ſhall I uſe a litle ſeeten more?
Stad. The nipps of Fayries upon maides white hipps,
Are not more perfect azure.
Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen diſh,
That I may fall to work upon theis ſerpents,
And ſqueize 'em ready for the ſecond howre.
Why, when?
Stad. Heere's Stadlin, and the diſh.
Hec. There take this un-baptized brat:
Boile it well: preſerve the fat:

You

You know 'tis pretious to transfer
Our 'noynted fleſh into the aire,
In moone-light nights, on ſteeple-topps,
Mountaines, and pine-trees, that like pricks, or ſtopps,
Seeme to our height: high towres, and roofes of princes,
Like wrinckles in the earth: whole provinces
Appeare to our ſight then, ev'n leeke
A ruſſet-moale upon ſome ladies cheeke.
When hundred leagues in aire we feaſt and ſing,
Daunce, kiſſe, and coll, uſe every thing;
What yong-man can we wiſh to pleaſure us
But we enjoy him in an Incubus?
Thou know'ſt it Stadlin?

Stad. Uſually that's don.

Hec. Laſt night thou got'ſt the Maior of Whelplies ſon,
I knew him by his black cloake lyn'd with yallow;
I thinck thou haſt ſpoild the youth: hee's but ſeaventeene,
I'll have him the next mounting: away, in.
Goe feed the veſſell for the ſecond howre.

Sta. Where be the magicall herbes?

Hec. They're downe his throate.
His mouth cramb'd full; his eares, and noſthrills ſtufft.

I thruſt

I thruſt in Eleoſelinum—lately
Aconitum, frondes populeus, and ſoote,
You may ſee that, he looks ſo black i'th' mouth;
Then Sium, Acharum, Volgaro too
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-mowſe,
Solanum ſomnificum et oleum.
Stad. Then ther's all Heccat?
Hec. Is the hart of wax
Stuck full of magique needles!
Stad. 'Tis done Heccat.
Hec. And is the Farmer's picture, and his wives,
Lay'd downe to th' fire yet?
Stad. They are a roaſting both too.
Hec. Good;
Then their marrowes are a melting ſubtelly,
And three monethes ſicknes ſucks up life in 'em.
They denide me often flowre, barme, and milke,
Gooſe-greaze and tar, when I nere hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor foreſpoake
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be meete with 'em.
Seaven of their yong piggs I have be-witch'd already
Of the laſt litter, nine ducklyngs, thirteene goſelings and a hog

Fell

Fell lame laſt Sonday after even-ſong too.
And mark how their ſheepe proſper; or what
ſoupe
Each milch-kine gives to th' paile: I'll ſend theſe
ſnakes
Shall milke 'em all before hand: the dew'd-
ſkirted dayrie wenches
Shall ſtroak dry duggs for this, and goe home
curſing:
I'll mar their ſillabubs, and ſwathie feaſtings
Under cowes bellies with the pariſh-youthes:

Enter Fireſtone.

Wher's Fireſtone? our ſon Fireſtone.
Fire. Here am I mother.
Hec. Take in this brazen diſh full of deere
ware,
Thou ſhalt have all when I die, and that wilbe
Ev'n juſt at twelve a clock at night come three
yeere.
Fire. And may you not have one a-clock in to
th' dozen (Mother?)
Hec. Noh.
Fire. Your ſpirits are then more unconſciona-
ble then bakers:
You'll have liv'd then (Mother) ſix-ſcore yeare
to the hundred,

And me-thincks after ſix-ſcore yeares the devill might give
You a caſt; for he's a fruiterer too and has byn from the
Beginning: the firſt apple that ere was eaten, came through
His fingers: The Coſtermongers then I hold to be the
Auncienteſt trade, though ſome would have the Tailor
Prick'd downe before him.

Hec. Goe and take heed you ſhed not by the way:
The howre muſt have her portion, 'tis deere ſirrop,
Each charmed drop is able to confound
A famely conſiſting of nineteene,
Or one and twentie feeders.

Fire. Mary heere's ſtuff indeed!
Deere ſurrup call you it? a litle thing
Would make me give you a dram on't in a poſſett,
And cutt you three yeares ſhorter.

Hec. Thou'rt now about ſome villany.

Fire. Not I (forſooth) truly the devill's in her I thinck.
How one villaine ſmells out an other ſtraight:
Ther's no knavery but is noſde like a dog, and

Can

Can ſmell out a doggs meaning (Mother) I pray
Give me leave to ramble a-broad to-night with the
Night-mare, for I have a great mind to over-lay
A fat parſon's daughter.

Hec. And who ſhall lye with me then?

Fire. The great cat for one night (Mother)
'tis but a night:
Make ſhift with him for once.

Hec. You're a kind ſon:
But 'tis the nature of you all, I ſee that:
You had rather hunt after ſtrange women ſtill
Then lye with your owne mother: Gett thee
gon;
Sweatt thy ſix ounces out about the veſſell,
And thou ſhalt play at mid-night: the night-
mare
Shall call thee when it walkes.

Fire. Thancks moſt ſweet Mother. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian.

Hec. Urchins, Elves, Haggs, Satires, Pans,
Fawnes,
Silence. Kitt with the candleſtick; Tritons,
Centaures,
Dwarſes, Imps, the Spoone, the Mare, the
Man
i'th'oake; the Hell-waine, the Fire-drake, the
Puckle. A. Ah. Hur. Hus.

Seb. Heaven knowes with what unwillingnes and hate
I enter this dambd place: but ſuch extreemes
Of wrongs in love, fight 'gainſt religion's knowledge,
That were I ledd by this diſeaſe to deaths
As numberles as creatures that muſt die,
I could not ſhun the way: I know what 'tis
To pitty mad-men now; they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithles vowes:
I fear they're now a kiſſing: what's a clock?
'Tis now but ſupper-time: But night will come,
And all new-married copples make ſhort ſuppers:
What ere thou art, I have no ſpare time to feare thee;
My horrors are ſo ſtrong and great already,
That thou ſeem'ſt nothing: Up and laze not:
Hadſt thou my buſynes, thou couldſt nere ſit ſoe;
'Twould firck thee into ayre a thouſand mile,
Beyond thy oynetments: I would, I were read
So much in thy black powre, and mine owne greifes!
I'me in great need of help: wil't give me any?

Hec. Thy boldnes takes me bravely: We are all ſworne
To ſweatt for ſuch a ſpirit: See; I regard thee,
I riſe

I riſe and bid thee wellcome. What's thy wiſh now?

Seb. Oh my hart ſwells with't. I muſt take breath firſt.

Hec. Is't to confound ſome enemie on the ſeas?
It may be don to night. Stadlin's within;
She raiſes all your ſodaine ruinous ſtormes
That ſhipwrack barks, and teares up growing oakes,
Flyes over houſes, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a ſweet place for't)
He would be hang'd ere he would ſet his owne yeares there,
They muſt be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A greene ſilk curtaine drawne before the eies on't.
(His rotten diſeasd yeares)! Or doſt thou envy
The fat proſperitie of any neighbour?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can ſtraight deſtroy the yong of all his cattell:
Blaſt vine-yards, orchards, meadowes; or in one night
Tranſport his doong, hay, corne, by reekes, whole ſtacks,
Into thine owne ground.

Seb. This would come moſt richely now
To many a cuntry grazier: But my envy
Lies not ſo lowe as cattell, corne, or vines:
'Twill trouble your beſt powres to give me eaſe.
Hec. Is yt to ſtarve up generation?
To ſtrike a barrennes in man or woman?
Seb. Hah!
Hec. Hah! did you feele me there? I knew your greife.
Seb. Can there be ſuch things don?
Hec. Are theis the ſkins
Of ſerpents? theis of ſnakes?
Seb. I ſee they are.
Hec. So ſure into what houſe theis are convay'd
Knitt with theis charmes, and retentive knotts
Neither the man begetts, nor woman breeds;
No, nor performes the leaſt deſires of wedlock,
Being then a mutuall dutie: I could give thee
Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could ſort to villanous barren ends,
But this leades the ſame way: More I could inſtance:
As the ſame needles thruſt into their pillowes
That ſoawes and ſocks up dead men in their ſheetes:
A privy grizzell of a man that hangs

After

After ſun-ſett: Good, excellent: yet all's there (Sir).

Seb. You could not doe a man that ſpeciall kindnes

To part them utterly, now? Could you doe that?

Hec. No: time muſt do't: we cannot diſ-joyne wedlock:

'Tis of heaven's faſtning: well may we raiſe jarrs,

Jealouzies, ſtriffes, and hart-burning diſagree-ments,

Like a thick ſkurff ore life, as did our maſter

Upon that patient miracle: but the work itſelf

Our powre cannot dis-joint.

Seb. I depart happy

In what I have then, being conſtrain'd to this:

And graunt you (greater powres) that diſpoſe men,

That I may never need this hag agen. [*Exit.*

Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't;

'Tis for the love of miſcheif I doe this,

And that we are ſworne to the firſt oath we take.

Fire. Oh mother, mother.

Hec. What's the newes with thee now?

Fire. There's the braveſt yong gentleman within, and the

Finelieſt drunck: I thought he would have falne

Into the veſſell: he ſtumbled at a pipkin of childes
Greaze; reelde againſt Stadlin, overthrew her, and in
The tumbling caſt, ſtruck up old Puckles heeles
With her clothes over her eares.

Hec. Hoy-day:

Fire. I was fayne to throw the cat upon her to ſave her
Honeſtie: and all litle enough: I cryde out ſtill I pray be

Enter Almachildes.

Coverd. See where he comes now (Mother).

Alm. Call you theis witches?
They be tumblers me-thinckes, very flat tumblers.

Hec. 'Tis Almachildes: freſh blood ſtirrs in me—
The man that I have luſted to enjoy,
I have had him thrice in Incubus already.

Al. Is your name gooddy Hag?

Hec. 'Tis any thing.
Call me the horridſt and unhallowed things
That life and nature trembles at, for thee
I'll be the ſame. Thou com'ſt for a love-charme now?

Al. Why thou'rt a witch I thinck.

Hec. Thou ſhalt have choice of twentie, wett, or drie.

Al.

Al. Nay let's have drie ones.

Hec. Yf thou wilt uſe't by way of cup and potion
I'll give thee a Remora ſhall be-witch her ſtraight.

Al. A Remora? what's that?

Hec. A litle ſuck-ſtone,
Some call it a ſtalamprey, a ſmall fiſh.

Al. And muſt 'be butter'd?

Hec. The bones of a greene frog too: wondrous pretious,
The fleſh conſum'd by pize-mires.

Al. Pize-mires! give me a chamber-pot.

Fire. You ſhall ſee him goe nighe to be ſo unmannerly,
Hee'll make water before my mother anon.

Al. And now you talke of frogs, I have ſomewhat here:
I come not emptie pocketted from a bancket.
(I learn'd that of my haberdaſhers wife.)
Looke gooddy witch, there's a toad in marchpane for you.

Hec. Oh Sir, y'have fitted me.

Al. And here's a ſpawne or two
Of the ſame paddock-brood too, for your ſon.

Fire. I thanck your worſhip, Sir: how comes your handkercher
So ſweetely thus beray'd; ſure tis wett ſucket, Sir.

Al.

Al. 'Tis nothing but the ſirrup the toad ſpit,
Take all I pree-thee.

Hec. This was kindly don, Sir,
And you ſhall ſup with me to-night for this.

Al. How? ſup with thee? doſt thinck I'll eate fryde ratts
And pickled ſpiders.

Hec. No: I can command, Sir,
The beſt meate i'th'whole province for my frends,
And reverently ſervd in too.

Al. How?

Hec. In good faſhion.

Al. Let me but ſee that, and I'll ſup with you.

She conjures; and enter a Catt (playing on a fidle) and Spiritts (with meete).

The Catt and Fidle's an excellent ordinarie:
You had a devill once in a fox-ſkin.

Hec. Oh, I have him ſtill: come walke with me, Sir. [*Ext.*

Fire. How apt and ready is a drunckard now to reele to the
Devill! well I'll even in, and ſee how he eates, and
I'll be hang'd if I be not the fatter of the twaine
With laughing at him. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus pr[i].

ACTUS

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCE[a] PRI[a].

Enter Antonio & Gaſpero.

Gaſ. GOOD Sir, whence ſprings this ſadnes? truſt me, Sir,
You looke not like a man was married yeſterdaie,
There could come no ill tidings ſince laſt night
To cauſe that diſcontent. I was wont to know all
Before you had a wife (Sir) you nere found me
Without thoſe parts of manhood (Truſt & Secrecie).

An. I will not tell the this.

Gaſ. Not your true ſervant (Sir)?

An. True! you'll all flowt according to your tallent,
The beſt a man can keepe of you: and a hell 'tis
For maſters to pay wages, to be laugh'd at:
Give order that two cocks be boyld to jelly.

Gaſ. How! two cocks boyld to jelly?

An. Fetch half an ounce of pearle. [*Exit.*

Gaſ. This is a cullyſſe
For a conſumption; and I hope one night
Has not brought you to neede the cooke already,
And

And ſome part of the goldſmith: what two trades
In fowre and twenty howres, and leſſe time?
Pray heaven the Surgeon and the Pothecarie
Keepe out, and then 'tis well. You had better fortune
(As far as I ſee) with your ſtrumpet ſojourner
(Your litle fowre nobles a-weeke: I nere knew you
Eate one Ponado all the time y'have kept her,
And is't in one night now come up to two cock-broths?
I wonder at the alteration ſtrangely.

Enter Franciſca.

Fra. Good morrow Gaſper.

Gaſ. Your hartie wiſhes miſtris
And your ſweet dreames cóme upon you.

Fra. What's that, Sir?

Gaſ. In a good huſband, that's my reall meaning.

Fra. Saw you my brother lately?

Gaſ. Yes.

Fra. I mett him now.
As ſad (me-thought) as griefe could make a man:
Know you the cauſe?

Gaſ. Not I: I know nothing;
But half an ounce of pearle, and kitchin-buſynes,
Which I will ſee perform'd with all fidelitie:

I'll

I'll breake my truſt in nothing : not in porredge I.
[*Exit.*

Fra. I have the hardeſt fortune I thinck of a hundred
Gentlewomen : ſome can make merry with a frend ſeaven yeere,
And nothing ſeene ; as perfect a maid ſtill
(To the world's knowledge) as ſhe came from rocking.
But 'twas my luck, at the firſt howre (forſooth)
To prove too fruitfull : ſure I'me neere my time.
I'me yet but a yong ſcholler : I may faile
In my account ; but certenly I doe not.
Theis baſtards come upon poore venturing gentlewomen
Ten to one faſter then your legitimate children.
Yf I had byn married, I'll be hang'd if I had ben with child
So ſoone now. When they are our huſbands, they'll be whipt
Ere they take ſuch paines as a frend will doe ; to come
By water to the back-dore at midnight, there ſtay
Perhaps an howre in all weathers with a paire of
Reeking water-men laden with bottles of wyne
Chewitts and curran-cuſtards. I may curſſe
Thoſe eg-pies, they are meat that help forward too faſt.

This

This hath byn uſuall with me nyght by nyght
(Honeſtie forgive me) when my brother has byn
Dreaming of no ſuch junckett; yet he hath farde
The better for my ſake, though he litle thinck
For what, nor muſt he ever. My frend promisd me
To provide ſafely for me, and deviſe
A meanes to ſave my creadit here i'th'howſe.
My brother ſure would kill me if he knew't,
And powder up my frend, and all his kindred,
For an Eaſt Indian voyage.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſ. Alone, Siſter?

Fra. Noe, ther's another with me, though you ſee't not:
Morrow (ſweet Siſter) how have you ſlept to-night?

Iſ. More than I thought I ſhould: I have had good reſt.

Fra. I am glad to heare't.

Iſ. Siſter, me-thincks you are too long alone,
And looſe much good time ſociable and honeſt.
I am for the married life, I muſt praiſe that now.

Fra. I cannot blame you (Siſter) to commend it;

You

You have happen'd well (no doubt) on a kind
husband,
And that's not every woman's fortune (Sister).
You know if he were any but my brother,
My praises should not leave him yet so soone.
Is. I must acknowledge (Sister) that my life
Is happely blesd with him: he is no gamster,
That ever I could find, or heare of yet,
Nor mid-night surffeiter: he does intend
To leave tobacco too.
Fra. Why heere's a husband!
Isa. He saw it did offend me, and swore freely
Hee'ld nere take pleasure in a toy agen
That should displease me: some knights wives in
towne
Will have great hope, upon his reformation,
To bring their husbands' breathes into th' old
fashion
And make them kisse like Christians, not like
Pagans.
Fra. I promise you (Sister) 'twill be a worthie
work,
To put downe all theis pipers: 'tis great pitty
There should not be a statut against them
As against fidlers.
Isa. Theis good offices,
Yf you had a husband, you might exercise

To

To th' good o' the common-wealth, and doe much proffit:
Beſide, it is a comfort to a woman
T' have children (Sifter) a great bleſſing certenly.
Fra. They will come faſt enough.
Iſa. Not ſo faſt neither
As they're ſtill welcome to an honeſt woman.
Fra. How neere ſhe comes to me! I proteſt ſhe grates
My very ſkin.
Iſa. Were I conceiv'd with child,
Beſhrew my hart, I ſhould be prowd on't.
Fra. That's natural: Pride is a kind of ſwelling:
But yet I have ſmall cauſe to be prowd of mine.
Iſa. You are no good companion for a wife:
Get you a huſband; pre-thee (Sifter) doe,
That I may aſk your councell now and then:
'Twill mend your diſcourſe much: you mayds know nothing.
Fra. Noe: we are fooles; but com'only we prove
Quicker mothers then you that have huſbands:
(I am ſure I ſhall els: I may ſpeake for one).

Enter Antonio.

An. I will not looke upon her: I'll paſſe by
And make as though I ſee her not.

Iſa.

Iſa. Why Sir,
Pray your opiñion, by the way, with leave (Sir)
I am councelling your ſiſter here, to marry.
An. To marry? ſoft: the prieſt is not at leyſure yet:
Some five yeare hence: would you fayne marry (Siſter?)
Fra. I have no ſuch hunger to't (Sir) for I thinck
I've a good bitt that well may ſtay my ſtomach,
As well as any that broke faſt, a ſinner.
An. Though ſhe ſeeme tall of growth, ſhe's ſhort in yeares
Of ſome that ſeeme much lower. How old (Siſter?)
Not ſeaventeene, for a yeard of lawne!
Fra. Not yet, Sir.
An. I told you ſoe.
Fra. I would he had laied a wager of old ſhirts rather;
I ſhall have more need of them ſhortly; and yet,
A yeard of lawne will ſerve for a chriſtning cloth;
I have uſe for every thing as my caſe ſtands.
Iſa. I care not if I trye my voice this morning,
But I have got a cold, Sir, by your meanes.

An. I'll ſtrive to mend that fault.
Iſa. I thanck you, Sir.

SONG.

In a maiden-time profeſt,
Then we ſay that life is beſt:
Taſting once the married life,
Then we onlie praiſe the wife.
There's but one ſtate more to trie
Which makes woemen laugh or crie—
Widow, widow: of theis three
The midle's beſt and that give me.

An. There's thy reward.
Iſa. I will not grumble (Sir)
Like ſome muſitian; if more come, tis welcom.
Fra. Such trickes has made me doe all that I have don:
Your kiſſing married folks ſpoils all y^e^ maides,

Enter Aberzanes.

That ever live i'th'houſe with 'em. Oh here he comes
With his baggs and bottles: he was borne
To lead poore water-men, and I.

Ab.

Ab. Goe fellowes into th' larder, let the bake-meates
Be ſorted by themſelves.
An. Why Sir?
Ab. Looke the Canary-bottles be well ſtopt,
The three of clarret ſhalbe droonck at dinner.
An. My good Sir, y're too plenteous of theis curteſies,
Indeed you are: forbeare 'em, I beſeech ye,
I know no merrit in me, but poore love
And a true frends well-wiſhing, that can cauſe
This kindnes in exceſſe: i' th' ſtate that I am
I ſhall goe neere to kick this fellow ſhortly.
And ſend him downe ſtayres w^th^ his bag & bag-gage.
Why comes he now I am married: there's the point.
I pray forbeare theis things.
Ab. Alas you know Sir,
Theis idle toyes which you call curteſies,
They coſt me nothing but my ſervants travaile:
One office muſt be kind (Sir) to another
You know the faſhion: What! the gentlewoman
Your ſiſter's ſad me-thincks.
An. I know no cauſe ſhe has.
Fra. Nor ſhall you, by my good-will. What doe you meane, Sir?

Shall I ſtay here, to ſhame myſelfe and you?
The time may be to night, for aught you know.
Ab. Peace; theres meanes wrought, I tell thee.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Gentleman.

Fra. I Sir, when?
An. How now! what's he?
Iſa. Oh, this is the man, Sir,
I entertaind this morning for my ſervice,
Pleaſe you to give your liking.
An. Yes: he's wellcom,
I like him not amiſſe: thou wouldſt ſpeake buſynes,
Wouldſt thou not?
Seb. Yes; may it pleaſe you Sir,
There is a gentleman from the northerne parts,
Hath brought a letter, as it ſeemes, in haſt.
An. From whom?
Gent. Your bonney lady mother, Sir.
An. You are kindly wellcom, Sir: how doth ſhe?
Gent. I left her heale varray well Sir.

Letter. I praie ſend your Sifter downe with all ſpeed to me. I hope it will prove much for her good in the waie of her preferment: faile me not, I deſire you, (Son) nor let any excuſe of hers withhold

hold her: I have ſent (ready furniſh'd)
horſe and man for her.

Ab. Now! have I thought upon you?
Fra. Peace, good Sir.
You are worthie of a kindnes an other time.
An. Her will ſhalbe obey'd: Siſter, prepare yourſelf,
You muſt downe with all ſpeed.
Fra. I know downe I muſt;
And good-ſpeed ſend me.
An. 'Tis our mother's pleaſure.
Fra. Good Sir wryte back againe, and certifie her
I am at my harts wiſh here: I'me with my frends
And can be but well, ſay.
An. You ſhall pardon me (Siſter)
I hold it no wiſe part to contradict her,
Nor would I councell you to't.
Fra. 'Tis ſo un-couth
Living i' th' cuntrie, now I'me uſde to th' cittie
That I ſhall ne'ar endure't.
Ab. Perhaps forſooth
'Tis not her meaning you ſhall live there long.
I doe not thinck but after a moneth, or ſoe
You'll be ſent up againe: that's my conceit.
However, let her have her will.

An. I (good Sir)
Great reaſon 'tis ſhe ſhould.
Iſa. I am ſorry (Sifter)
'Tis our hard fortune, thus to part ſo ſoone.
Fra. The ſorrow wilbe mine.
An. Pleaſe you walke-in (Sir)
Wee'll have one health into thoſe northerne parts
Though I be ſick at hart. [*Exit.*
Ab. I, Sir, a deepe one
Which you ſhall pledge too.
Fra. You ſhall pardon me:
I have pledg'd one too deepe already, Sir.
Ab. Peace: all's provided for: thy wine's laid in,
Sugar and ſpice: the place not ten mile hence.
What cauſe have maides now to complaine of men,
When a farme-houſe can make all whole agen? [*Ext.*
Seb. It takes: h'as no content: how well ſhe beares it yet?
Hardly myſelf can find ſo much from her
That am acquainted with the cold diſeaſe.
O honeſtie's a rare wealth in a woman,
It knowes no want, at leaſt will expreſſe none,
(Not in a looke) yet I'me not throughly happy:
His

His ill does me no good: well may it keepe me
From open rage, and madnes for a time,
But I feele harts-greif in the ſame place ſtill.
What makes the greateſt torment 'mongſt loſt ſoules?
'Tis not ſo much the horror of their paines
(Though they be infinite) as the loſſe of joyes:
It is that deprivation is the mother
Of all the groanes in hell, and here on earth
Of all the redd-ſighes in the harts of lovers.
Still ſhe's not mine that can be no man's elſe,
Till I be nothing, yf religion
Have the ſame ſtrength for me as't has for others:
Holy vowes witnes, that our ſoules were married!

Enter Gaſpero *and* L. Governor.

Gaſ. Where are you (Sir) come, 'pray give your attendance
Here's my lord Governor come.
Gov. Where's our new kindred?
Not ſtirring yet I thinck?
Gaſ. Yes my good lord:
Pleaſe you walk neere?
Gov. Come gentlemen, wee'll enter.
Seb. I ha' do'nt upon a breach; this' a leſſe venture.

SCE[a] 2[a].

Enter Almachildes.

Al. What a mad toy tooke me to ſup with witches!
Fye of all druncken humors: by this hand
I could beat myſelf when I thinck on't; and the Raſcalls
Made me good cheere too; and to my under-ſtanding then
Eate ſome of every diſh and ſpoild the reſt:
But co̅ming to my lodging, I remember
I was as hungry as a tyred foote-poſt.
What's this? oh, 'tis the charme her hagſhip gave me,
For my Ducheſſe obſtinate woman: roound-about
A three-peny ſilk ryban of three cullours.
Nectе tribus nodis ternos Amoretta colores.
Amoretta: why ther's her name indeed.
Nectе Amoretta. Agen, two bouts,
Nodo et Veneris dic vincula nectе.
Nay if Veneris be one, I'm ſure there's no dead fleſh in't.
Yf I ſhould undertake to conſtrue this now,
I ſhould make a fine peece of work of it,

For

For few yong gallants are given to good conſtruction
Of any thing (hardly of their beſt frends wives
Siſters or neices). Let me ſee what I can doe now.
Necte tribus nodis: Nick of the tribe of noddies
Ternos colores, that makes turn'd cullours.
Nodo et Veneris, goes to his venery like a noddy.
Dic vincula, with Dick the vintners boy.
Here were a ſweet charme now, if this were the meaning on't
And very likely to over-come an honorable gentlewoman.
The whorſon old helcat would have given me the
Brayne of a catt once in my handkercher. I bad
Her make ſawce with't with a vengeance. And a
Litle bone in the hethermoſt part of a woollfs taile.
I bad her pick her teeth with't, with a peſtlence.
Nay this is ſomewhat cleanely yet and hanſom,
A collourd ryban! a fine gentle charme,
A man may give't his ſiſter, his brothers wife

Enter Amoretta.

Ordinarily: See; here ſhe comes luckely.
Am. Bleſs'd Powres, what ſecreat ſyn have I comitted
That ſtill you ſend this puniſhment upon me?

Al.

Al. 'Tis but a gentle puniſhment: ſo take it.

Am. Why, Sir, what meane you? will you raviſh me?

Al. What, in the gallery? and the ſun peepe in?
There's fitter time and place: 'tis in her boſom now.

Am. Goe; you're the rudeſt thing ere came at court.

Al. Well, well; I hope you'll tell me an other tale
Ere you be two howres older: a rude thing!
I'll make you eate your word; I'll make all ſplit els. [*Exit.*

Am. Nay: now I thinck on't better, I am too blame too,
There's not a ſweeter gentleman in Court:
Nobely deſcended too, and daunces well.
Beſhrew my hart, I'll take him when ther's time,
He wilbe catchd-up quickly: the Duchefs ſaies
Sh'as ſome employment for him, and has ſworne me
To uſe my beſt art in't: life of my joyes
There were good ſtuff! I will not truſt her with him:
I'll call him back againe: he muſt not keepe
Out of my ſight ſo long: I ſhall grow mad then.

Enter

Enter Ducheſſe.

Duch. He lives not now to ſee to morrow ſpent,
If this meanes take effect, as ther's no hardnes in't.
Laſt night he plaid his horrid game agen,
Came to my bed-ſide at the full of midnight,
And in his hand that fatall fearefull cup;
Wak'd me and forc'd me pledge him, to my trembling
And my dead father's ſcorne: that wounds my ſight
That his remembrance ſhould be rayſde in ſpight.
But either his confuſion, or mine, ends it.
Oh Amoretta! haſt thou met him yet?
Speake wench, haſt don that for me?

Am. What (good Madam?)

Duch. Diſtruction of my hopes! doſt aſk that now?
Didſt thou not ſweare to me, out of thy hate
To Almachildes, thou'dſt diſſemble him
A loving enterteynement, and a meeting
Where I ſhould work my will?

Am. Good, Madam, pardon me:
A loving enterteinement I doe proteſt
Myſelf to give him (with all ſpeed I can too)
But, as I am yet a maid (a perfect one)

As

As the old time was wont to afford, when
There was few tricks, and litle cu̅ning ſtirring.
I can diſſemble none that will ſerve your turne;
He muſt have ev'n a right one, and a plaine one.

Duch. Thou makſt me doubt thy health: ſpeak, art thou well?

Am. Oh, never better, if he would make haſt,
And come back quickly: he ſtayes now too long.

Duch. I'me quight loſt in this woman: What's that fell
Out of her boſom now? ſome love token.

Am. Nay, I'll ſay that for him: he's the unciviliſt gentleman
And every way deſertles.

Duch. Who's that now?
She diſcommends ſo faſt?

Am. I could not love him (Madam)
Of any man in court.

Duch. What's he now, pree-thee?

Am. Who ſhould it be but Almachildes (Madam?)
I never hated man ſo deepely yet.

Duch. As Almachildes?

Am. I am ſick (good Madam)
When I but heare him nam'd.

Duch.

Duch. How is this poſſible?
But now thou ſaid'ſt thou lov'd'ſt him, and didd raiſe him
'Bove all the court, in praiſes.
Am. How great people
May ſpeake their pleaſure, Madam! but ſurely I
Should thinck the worſſe of my tongue while I liv'd then.
Duch. No longer have I patience to forbeare thee:
Thou that retainſt an envious ſoule to goodnes:
He is a gentleman deſerves as much
As ever fortune yet beſtow'd on man:
The glory and prime luſtre of our court;
Nor can there any but our-ſelf, be worthie of him:
And take you notice of that now from me:
Say you have warning on't: yf you did love him,
You muſt not now.
Am. Let your grace never feare it.
Duch. Thy name is Amoretta, as ours is,
'Thas made me love, and truſt thee.
Am. And my faithfullnes
Has appeer'd well i'th'prooſe ſtill: has't not (Madam)
Duch. But if't faile now, 'tis nothing.
Am. Then it ſhall not.
I know he will not be long from fluttring

About

About this place, now h'as had a ſight of me;
& I'll performe
In all that I vow'd (Madam) faithfully.
Duch. Then am I bleſsd, both in revenge, and love,
And thou ſhalt taſt the ſweetnes. [*Exit.*

Enter Almachildes.

Am. What your aymes be
I liſt not to enquire: all I deſire
Is to preſerve a computent honeſtie,
Both for mine owne and his uſe that ſhall have me,
(Whoſe luck ſo ere it be) oh he's return'd alredy;
I knew he would not faile.
Al. It works by this time,
Or the devill's in't, I think: I'll nev'r truſt witch els
Nor ſup with them this twelvemoneth.
Am. I muſt ſooth him now;
And 'tis great paine to do't againſt ones ſtomach.
Al. Now Amoretta!
Am. Now y'ar well com Sir,
Yf you'll'd come alwaies thus.
Al. Oh, am I ſoe?
Is the caſe alter'd ſince?
Am. Yf you'll'd be rude,

And

And know your times, 'twer ſomewhat, a great comfort.
'Las, I could be as loving and as venturous
As any woman (wee're all fleſh and blood man)
Yf you could play the game out modeſtly
And not betray your hand. I muſt have care, Sir,
You know I have a marriage-time to come,
And that's for life: your beſt folkes wilbe merry;
But looke to the maine chaunce (that's reputation)
And then doe what they liſt.

Al. Wilt have my oath?
By the ſweet health of youth, I wilbe carefull
And never prate on't; nor like a cunning ſuarer
Make thy clip'd name the bird to call in others.

Am. Well: yeilding then to ſuch conditions
As my poore baſhfullnes ſhall require from you,
I ſhall yeild ſhortly after.

Al. I'll conſent to 'em
And may thy ſweet humilitie be a patterne
For all prowd women living.

Am. They'r beholding to you. [*Exit.*

SCE[a] 3[a].

Enter Abberzanes *and an old Woman.*

Ab. Soe, ſoe: away with him. I love to get 'em,
But not to keepe 'em. Doſt thou know the houſe?
Wom. No matter for the houſe; I know the porch.
Ab. There's ſixpence more for that: away, keep cloſe.
My tailor told me he ſent away a maid ſervant
Well ballaſt of all ſides, within theſe nine daies:
His wife nev'r dream'd on't: gave the drab ten pounds,
And ſhe nev'r troubled him: a com'on faſhion.
He told me 'twas to rid away a ſcape,
And I have ſent him this for't. I remember
A frend of mine once ſerv'd a prating tradeſman
Juſt on this faſhion (to a haire in-troth)
'Tis a good eaſe to a man: you can ſwell a maid up,
And ridd her for ten pound; (thers the purſe back agen

What

What ere becomes of your money, or your maid)
This comes of bragging now: It's well for the boy too
Hee'll get an excellent trade by't; and on ſondaies
Goe like a gentleman that has pawnd his rapier.
He need not care what cuntry-man his father was,
Nor what his mother was when he wa gotten.
The boy will doe well certen: 'give him grace
To have a quick hand and convey things cleanly:

Enter Franciſca.

'Twilbe his owne an other day. Oh, well ſaid
Ar't almoſt furniſh'd? ther's ſuch a toile alwaies
To ſett a woman to horſe; a mightie troble.
The letter came to your brother's hands I know
On Thurſdaie laſt by noone: You were expected there
Yeſterday night.

Fra. It makes the better, Sir.

Ab. We muſt take heed we ride through all the pudles
'Twixt this and that now, that your ſafe-guard there
May be moſt probably dabled.

Fra. Alas, Sir,
I never mark'd till now: I hate myſelf:
How monſtrous thyn I looke.
Ab. Not monſtrous neither:
A litle ſharp i'th'noſe, like a cuntry wood cock.
Fra. Fy, fy, how pale I am. I ſhall betray myſelf.
I would you'll'd box me well and handſomely
To get me into cullour.
Ab. Not I; pardon me:
That let a huſband doe, when he has married you.
A frend at court will never offer that.
Come, how much ſpice and ſugar have you left now,
At this poore one moneths voiage?
Fra. Sure not much, Sir;
I think ſome quarter of a pound of ſugar
And half an ounce of ſpice.
Ab. Heer's no ſweet charge;
And there was thirty pound, good waight and true,
Beſide what my man ſtole when't was a waighing,
And that was three pound more; I'll ſpeake with 'leaſt.
The Rheniſh wine is't all run out in cawdells too?

Fra.

Fra. Doe you aſk that (Sir) 'tis of a weekes departure.

You ſee what 'tis now to get children, Sir.

Boy. Your mares are ready both, Sir.

Ab. Come, wee'll up then.

Youth, give my ſiſter a ſtraight wand: ther's two-pence.

Boy. I'll give her a fine whip, Sir.

Ab. No, no, no;

Though we have both deſervd it.

Boy. Heer's a new one.

Ab. 'Pre-thee talk to us of no whips (good boy)

My hart akes when I ſee 'em: Lett's away.

[*Ex*t.

Finis Act. 2.

ACTUS TERCIUS.

SCE[a] PRI[a].

Enter Ducheſſe, *leading* Almachildes *(blindfold)*.

Al. THIS you that was a maid? how are you borne
To deceive men! I had thought to have married you:
I had byn finely handled, had I not?
I'll ſay that man is wiſe ever hereafter
That tries his wife before hand. 'Tis no mervaile
You ſhould profes ſuch baſhfullnes, to blind one,
As if you durſt not looke a man ith'face,
Your modeſtie would bluſh ſoe. Why doe you not run,
And tell the Ducheſſe now? Goe; you ſhould tell all.
Let her know this too:—why heere's the plague now:
'Tis hard at firſt to wyn 'em: when they're gotten

Ther's

Ther's no way to be ridd on 'em : they ſtick
To a man like bird-lyme : my watche's out :
Will you releaſe me ? I'll releaſe myſelf els.
Duch. Nay, ſure I'll bring you to your ſight agen :
Say, thou muſt either dye, or kill the Duke;
For one of them thou muſt doe.
Al. How (good Madam ?)
Duch. Thou haſt thy choice, and to that purpoſe, Sir,
I have given thee knowledge now of what thou haſt,
And what thou muſt doe, to be worthie on't.
You muſt not thinck to come by ſuch a fortune
Without deſert, that were unreaſonable.
He that's not borne to honour, muſt not looke
To have it come with eaſe to him : he muſt wyn't.
Take but into thine actions wit and courage,
That's all we aſk of thee. But if through weaknes
Of a poore ſpirit thou denieſt me this,
Thinck but how thou ſhalt dye (as I'll work meanes for't)
No murderer ever like thee, for I purpoſe
To call this ſubtle ſinfull ſnare of mine
An act of force from thee. Thou'rt prowd and youthfull :

I ſhalbe beleev'd; beſides thy wantonnes
Is at this howre in queſtion 'mongſt our women,
Which will make ill for thee.
Al. I had hard chaunce,
To light upon this pleaſure that's ſo coſtly:
'Tis not content with what a man can doe,
And give him breath, but ſeekes to have that too.
Duch. Well take thy choice.
Al. I ſee no choice in't (Madam)
For 'tis all death me-thinks.
Duch. Thou'ſt an ill ſight then,
Of a yong man; 'tis death if thou refuſe it;
And ſay, my zeale has warn'd thee. But conſenting
'Twilbe new life, great honour, and my love,
Which in perpetuall bands, I'll faſten to thee.
Al. How Madam?
Duch. I'll do't religiouſly,
Make thee my huſband; may I looſe all ſence
Of pleaſure in life els, and be more miſerable
Then ever creature was; for nothing lives
But has a joy in ſome what.
Al. Then by all
The hopefull fortunes of a yong man's riſing,
I will performe it (Madam).
Duch. There's a pledge then
Of a Ducheſſe love for thee; and now truſt me
For thy moſt happy ſafetie. I will chooſe
That

That time ſhall never hurt thee: when a man
Showes reſolution, and there's worth in him,
I'll have a care of him: part now for this time
But ſtill be neere about us till thou canſt
Be neerer, that's our-ſelfe.

Al. And that I'll venture hard for.

Duch. Good ſpeed to thee. [*Ex*t.

SCE[a] 2[a].

Enter Gaſpero *and* Florida.

Flo. Pree-thee be carefull of me, very carefull now.

Gaſ. I warrant you: he that cannot be carefull of

A queane can be carefull of no body: 'tis every
Man's humor that: I ſhould never looke to a wife
Half ſo handſomely.

Flo. Oh ſoftly (ſweet Sir) ſhould your miſtris meet me now
In her owne houſe, I were undon for ever.

Gaſ. Never feare her: ſhe's at her prick-ſong cloſe,
Ther's all the joy ſhe has, or takes delight in.
Looke, heer's the garden key, my maſter gav't me,
And will'd me to be carefull: doubt not you on't.

Flo. Your maſter is a noble compleat gentleman,
And do's a woman all the right that may be.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. How now? what's ſhe?
Gaſ. A kind of doubtfull creature:
I'll tell thee more anon.
Seb. I know that face
To be a ſtrumpett's, or mine eie is envious,
And would fayne wiſh it ſoe where I would have it.
I faile, if the condition of this fellow
Weares not about it a ſtrong ſcent of baſenes.
I ſaw her once before here, five daies ſince tis,
And the ſame wary pandarous diligence
Was then beſtow'd on her: ſhe came alter'd then,
And more enclyning to the citty-tuck.
Whom ſhould this peice of transformation viſit
After the comon curteſie of frailetie
In our houſe here? ſurely not any ſervant
They are not kept ſo luſty, ſhe ſo lowe.
I am at a ſtraunge ſtand: Love and luck aſſiſt me;

Enter Gaſpero.

The truth I ſhall wyn from him by falſe play.
He's now return'd: Well, Sir, as you were ſaying,

Goe

Goe forward with your tale.

Gaſ. What? I know nothing.

Seb. The gentlewoman.

Gaſ. She's gon out at the back-dore now.

Seb. Then farewell ſhe, and you, if that be all.

Gaſ. Come, come, thou ſhalt have more: I have no powre

To lock myſelf up from thee.

Seb. So methincks.

Gaſ. You ſhall not thinck; truſt me, Sir, you ſhall not:

Your eare: She's one o'th'falling family,

A queane my maſter keeps; ſhe lyes at Rutneys.

Seb. Is't poſſible? I thought I had ſeene her ſome where.

Gaſ. I tell you truth ſinceerly. She's byn thrice here

By ſtelth within theis ten daies, and departed ſtill

With pleaſure and with thancks Sir, 'tis her luck.

Surely I thinck if ever there were man

Be-witch'd in this world, 'tis my maſter (Sirha).

Seb. Thinck'ſt thou ſo Gaſper?

Gaſ Oh, Sir, too apparant.

Seb. This may prove happie: tis the likelieſt meanes

That fortune yet ere ſhow'd me.

Enter

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. You're both here now,
And ſtrangers newly lighted: wher's your attendance?
Seb. I know what makes you waſpiſh: a pox on't
Shee'll every day be angrie now at nothing. [*Ex*t.
Iſa. I'll call her ſtranger ever in my hart:
Sha's kill'd the name of ſiſter through baſe luſt
And fled to ſhifts. Oh, how a brother's good thoughts
May be be-guild in woman! heer's a letter
(Found in her abſence) reports ſtrangely of her
And ſpeakes her impudence: Sh'as undon herſelf.
(I could not hold from weeping, when I read it.)
Abuſde her brothers houſe and his good confidence.
'Twas don not like herſelf: I blame her much:
But if ſhe can but keep it from his knowledge,

Enter Gaſpero.

I will not greive him firſt: it ſhall not come
By my meanes to his hart. Now Sir, the newes?
Gaſ. You call'd 'em ſtrangers: 'tis my maſter's ſiſter (Madam).

Iſa.

Iſa. Oh, is't ſoe! ſhe's wellcome. Who's come with her?

Gaſ. I ſee none but Abberzanes.

Iſa. He's enough

To bring a woman to confuſion
More then a wiſer man, or a far greater.
A lette: came laſt weeke to her brother's hands
To make way for her com'ing up agen
After her ſhame was lighten'd; and ſhe writt there
The gentleman her mother wiſh'd her to
(Taking a violent ſurfeyt at a wedding)
Dide ere ſhe came to ſee him: what ſtrange cunning

Enter Abberzanes & Franciſca.

Sin helpes a woman to! here ſhe comes now.
Siſter, you'ar wellcom home againe.

Fra. Thancks (ſweet ſiſter).

Iſa. Y'have had good ſpeed.

Fra What ſaies ſhe? I have made
All the beſt ſpeed I could.

Iſa. I well beleeve you.
Sir, we'are all much beholding to your kindnes.

Ab. My ſervice ever (Madam) to a gentlewoman.

I tooke a bonney mare I keep, and mett her
Some ten mile out of towne, aleaven, I thinck:
'Twas

'Twas at the ſtump I mett you, I remember,
At bottom of the hill.

Fra. 'Twas there about Sir.

Ab. Full eleaven then, by the rod, if they were meaſur'd.

Iſa. You looke ill (me thincks) have you byn ſick of late?

'Troth, very bleake, doth ſhe not? how thinck you Sir?

Ab. No, no: a litle ſharp with riding: ſh'as rid ſore.

Fra. I ever looke leane after a jorney Siſter:
One ſhall doe that has travail'd, travail'd hard.

Ab. Till evening, I com̃end you to yourſelves, ladies. [*Exit.*

Iſa. And that's beſt truſting to, if you were hang'd.
Y'ar well acquainted with his hand went out now?

Fra. His hand?

Iſa. I ſpeake of nothing els: I thinck 'tis there.
Pleaſe you to looke upon't; and when y'have don
Yf you did weepe, it could not be amiſſe,
A ſign you could ſay grace after a full meale.
You had not need looke paler; yet you doe.

'Twas

'Twas ill don to abuſe yourſelf and us,
To wrong ſo good a brother, and the thoughts
That we both held of you. I did doubt you much
Before our marriage: but then, my ſtrangenes,
And better hope ſtill, kept me off from ſpeaking.
Yet may you find a kind and peacefull ſiſter of me,
If you deſiſt here, and ſhake hands with folly,
Which you ha' more cauſe to doe, then I to wiſh you.
As truly as I beare a love to goodnes,
Your brother knowes not yet on't, nor ſhall ever
For my part, ſo you leave his company.
But if I find you impudent in ſyn̄ing,
I will not keep't an howre; nay, prove your enemie
And you know who will ayde me: as y' have goodnes,
You may make uſe of this: I'll leave it with you. [*Exit.*

Fra. Heer's a ſweet churching after a woman's labour,
And a fine give you joy. Why, where the devill
Lay you to be found out? the ſodaine hurrey
Of haſtning to prevent ſhame, brought ſhame forth.
That's ſtill the curſſe of all laſcivious ſtuff;
Miſdeedes

Miſdeedes could never yet be wary enough.
Now muſt I ſtand in feare of every looke,
Nay tremble at a whiſper: She can keepe it ſecreat?
That's very likely, and a woman too!
I am ſure I could not do't; and I am made
As well as ſhe can be for any purpoſe:
'Twould never ſtay with me two daies; I have caſt it.
The third would be a terrible ſick day with me,
Not poſſible to beare it. Should I then
Truſt to her ſtrength in't, that lyes every night
Whiſpering the daies newes in a huſband's eare?
Noe: and I have thought upon the meanes: bleſs'd fortune!
I muſt be quitt with her, in the ſame faſhion,
Or els tis nothing: there's no way like it,
To bring her honeſtie into queſtion cunningly.
My brother will beleeve ſmall likelihoods,
Coming from me to. I lying now i'th' houſe,
May work things to my will, beyond conceit too.
Diſgrace her firſt: her tale will nev'r be heard.
I learn'd that councell firſt of a ſound gard
I doe ſuſpect Gaſper, my brother's ſquire there
Had ſome hand in this miſchief; for he's cunning
And I perhaps may fitt him.

Enter

Enter Antonio.

An. Your ſiſter told me
You were come: thou'rt wellcome.
Fra. Where is ſhe?
An. Who? my wife?
Fra. I, Sir.
An. Within.
Fra. Not within hearing, think you?
An. Within hearing?
What's thy conceit in that? why ſhak'ſt thy head ſoe?
And look'ſt ſo pale, and poorely?
Fra. I'm a foole indeed
To take ſuch greif for others, for your fortune, Sir.
An. My fortune? worſſe things yet? farewell life then.
Fra. I feare y'ar much deceiv'd (Sir) in this woman.
An. Who? in my wife? ſpeak low: come hether, ſoftly ſiſter.
Fra. I love her as a woman you made choice of:
But when ſhe wrongs you, naturall love is touch'd (Brother),
And that will ſpeake you know.

An.

An. I truſt it will.

Fra. I held a ſhrewd ſuſpition of her lightnes
At firſt, when I went downe; which made me haſte the ſooner.
But more, to make amends, at my returne now,
I found apparant ſignes.

An. Apparant ſaiſt thou?

Fra. I, and of baſe luſt too: that makes th' affliction.

An. There has byn villany wrought upon me then,
'Tis too playne now.

Fra. Happy are they, I ſay ſtill,
That have their ſiſters living i'th'houſe with 'em,
Their mothers, or ſome kindred: a great comfort
To all poore married men: it is not poſſible
A yong wife can abuſe a huſband then:
'Tis found ſtreight. But ſweare ſervice to this (Brother).

An. To this, and all thou wilt have.

Enter Iſabella.

Fra. Then this followes, Sir.

An. I praiſe thy councell well: I'll put't in uſe ſtraight.
See where ſhe comes herſelf. Kind, honeſt lady,
I muſt now borrow a whole forthnights leave of thee.

Iſa. How Sir? a forthnight?

An.

An. It may be but ten daies; I know not yet.
'Tis buſynes for the ſtate, and 't muſt be don.
Iſa. I wiſh good ſpeed to't then.
An. Why that was well ſpoake.
I'll take but a foote boy: I need no more:
The reſt I'll leave at home, to doe you ſervice.
Iſa. Uſe your owne pleaſure, Sir.
An. 'Till my returne
You'll be good company; my ſiſter and you.
Iſa. We ſhall make ſhift Sir.
An. I am glad now ſhe's come,
And ſo the wiſhes of my love to both. [*Exit.*
Iſa. And our good praiers with you, Sir.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. Now my fortune.
By your kind favor (Madam):
Iſa. With me, Sir?
Seb. The words ſhall not be many; but the faithfullnes
And true reſpect that is included in 'em,
Is worthie your attention; and may put upon me
The faire repute of a juſt honeſt ſervant.
Iſa. What's here to doe Sir, ther's ſuch great preparation toward?
Seb. In brief, that goodnes in you is abus'd, Madam;
You have the married life, but 'tis a ſtrumpet

That has the joy on't, and the fruitfulnes:
There goes away your comfort.

Iſa. How? a ſtrumpet?

Seb. Of five yeeres coſt and upwards: a deere miſcheif
(As they are all of 'em) his forthnights jorney
Is to that cuntry: if it be not rudenes
To ſpeake the truth, I have found it all out (Madam).

Iſa. Thou'ſt found out thine owne ruine: for to my knowledge
Thou doſt be-lye him baſely. I dare ſweare
He's a gentleman as free from that folly
As ever tooke religious life upon him.

Seb. Be not too confident to your owne abuſe (Madam).
Since I have begun the truth, neither your frownes,
The only curſes that I have on earth
(Becauſe my meanes depends upon your ſervice)
Nor all the execration of man's fury
Shall put me off: though I be poore, I'm honeſt,
And too juſt in this buſynes. I perceive now
Too much reſpect and faithfullnes to ladies
May be a wrong to ſervants.

Iſa. Art thou yet
So impudent to ſtand in't?

Seb.

Seb. Are you yet ſo cold (Madam)
In the beleif on't? there my wonder's fixt,
Having ſuch bleſſed health and youth about you,
Which makes the injury mightie.
Iſa. Why I tell thee
It were too great a fortune for thy lownes
To find out ſuch a thing: thou doſt not looke
As if thou'rt made for't. By the pretious ſweetes of love
I would give half my wealth for ſuch a bargaine,
And thinck 'twer bought too cheape: thou canſt not gheſſe
Thy meanes and happines, ſhould I find this true:
Firſt, Ill'd prefer thee to the lord, my uncle,
Hee's governour of Ravenna: all the advancements
I'th' kingdom, flowes from him: what need I boaſt that
Which com'on fame can teach thee?
Seb. Then thus (Madam)
Since I preſume now on your height of ſpirit,
And your regard to your owne youth and fruitfullnes
(Which every woman naturally loves and covetts)
Accept but of my labour, in directions,
You ſhall find both your wrongs (which you may right

At your owne pleaſure) yet not miſsd to night
Here in the houſe neither: None ſhall take notice
Of any abſence in you, as I have thought on't.

Iſa. Doe this, and take my praiſe and thancks for ever.

Seb. As I deſerve, I wiſh 'em; and will ſerve you. [*Ex*t.

SCE[a] 3[a].

Enter Heccat, Witches, & Fire-Stone.

Hec. The moone's a gallant; ſee how briſk ſhe rides.

Stad. Heer's a rich evening, Heccat.

Hec. I, is't not wenches
To take a jorney of five thouſand mile?

Hop. Ours will be more to-night.

Hec. Oh, 'twill be pretious: heard you the owle yet?

Stad. Breifely in the copps,
As we came through now.

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.

Stad. There was a bat hoong at my lipps three times

As

As we came through the woods, and drank her
fill.
Old Puckle ſaw her.
Hec. You are fortunate ſtill.
The very ſchreich-owle lights upon your ſhoulder,
And wooes you, like a pidgeon. Are you furniſh'd?
Have you your oyntments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll over-take you ſwiftly.
Stad. Hye thee Heccat:
We ſhall be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly.
Fire. They are all going a birding to-night.
They talk of fowles i'th'aire, that fly by day,
I am ſure they'll be a company of fowle ſlutts
There to night. Yf we have not mortallitie
affer'd,
I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putryfie it, to
infect
A whole region. She ſpies me now.
Hec. What Fire-Stone, our ſweet ſon?
Fire. A litle ſweeter then ſome of you; or a
doonghill were
Too good for me.
Hec. How much haſt here?

Fire. Nineteene, and all brave plump ones;
Beſides ſix lizards, and three ſerpentine eggs.

Hec. Deere and ſweet boy: what herbes haſt thou?

Fire. I have ſome Mar-martin, and Mandragon.

Hec. Marmaritin, and Mandragora, thou wouldſt ſay.

Fire. Heer's Pannax too. I thanck thee,
My pan akes I am ſure
With kneeling downe to cut 'em.

Hec. And Selago,
Hedge hiſop too: how neere he goes my cuttings?
Were they all cropt by moone-light?

Fire. Every blade of 'em,
Or I am a moone-calf (Mother).

Hec. Hye thee home with 'em.
Looke well to the houſe to night: I am for aloft.

Fire. Aloft (quoth you?) I would you would breake your neck once,
That I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother;
They are above the ſteeple alredy, flying
Over your head with a noyſe of muſitians.

Hec. They are they indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late els.

SONG,

SONG. Come away, come away;
Heccat, Heccat, come away. } in the aire.
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Wher's Stadlin?
Heere } in the aire.
Wher's Puckle?
Heere:
And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too:
We lack but you; we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count. } in the aire.
Hec. I will but noynt, and then I mount.
[*A ſpirit like a Cat deſcends.*
Ther's one comes downe to fetch his dues;
A kiſſe, a coll, a ſip of blood:
And why thou ſtaiſt ſo long } above.
I muſe, I muſe,
Since the air's ſo ſweet and good.
Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What newes, what newes?
All goes ſtill to our delight,
Either come, or els
Refuſe, refuſe.
Hec. Now I am furniſh'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the Catt ſings a brave treble in
Her owne language.

Hec. going up] Now I goe, now I flie,
Malkin my ſweete ſpirit and I.
Oh what a daintie pleaſure tis
To ride in the aire
When the moone ſhines faire,
And ſing and daunce, and toy and kiſs:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,
Over ſeas our miſtris fountaines,
Over ſteepe towres and turretts
We fly by night, 'mongſt troopes of ſpiritts.
No ring of bells to our eares ſounds,
No howles of woolves, no yelpes of hounds;
No, not the noyſe of water's-breache,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reache.

No Ring of bells, &c. } above.

Fire. Well Mother, I thanck your kindnes:
You muſt be
Gambolling i'th'aire, and leave me to walk here
Like a foole and a mortall. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Tercii.

ACTUS

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCEª PRIª.

Enter Almachildes.

Al. THOUGH the Fates have endude me with a
Pretty kind of lightnes, that I can laugh at
The world in a corner on't; and can make
Myſelf merry on faſting nightes to rub out a
Supper (which were a pretious qualitie in a yong
Formall ſtudent) yet let the world know there
Is ſome difference betwixt my joviall condition,
And the lunary ſtate of madnes. I am not quight
Out of my witts. I know a bawd from an aqua-
Vite-ſhop, a ſtrumpet from wild-fire, and a
Beadle from brimeſtone. Now ſhall I try the
Honeſtie of a great woman ſoundly. She reckning
The Duke's made away, I'll be hang'd if I be
Not the next now. Yf I truſt her as ſhe's a
Woman, let one of her long haires wind about
My hart, and be the end of me, (which were a
Piteous lamentable tragedie, and might be
Entituled

Entituled a faire warning for all haire-braceletts)
Already there's an inſurrection
Among the people: they are up in armes
Not out of any reaſon, but their wills,
(Which are in them their ſaints) ſweatting & ſwearing
(Out of their zeale to rudenes) that no ſtranger
(As they terme her) ſhall governe over them:
They ſay they'll raiſe a Duke among themſelves firſt.

Enter Ducheſs.

Duch. Oh Almachildes, I perceive already
Our loves are borne to curſſes: We'ar be-ſett
By multitudes; and (which is worſſe) I feare me
Unfreended too of any: my cheif care
Is for thy ſweet youthes ſafetie.

Al. He that beleeves you not
Goes the right way to heaven, o' my conſcience.

Duch. There is no truſting of 'em: they are all as barren
In pitty as in faith: he that putts confidence
In them, dies openly to the ſight of all men,
Not with his frends and neighbours in peace privat;
But as his ſhame, ſo his cold farewell is,
Publique and full of noyſe. But keepe you cloſe, Sir,

Not

Not ſeene of any, till I ſee the way
Plaine for your ſafetie. I expect the coming
Of the Lord Governour, whom I will flatter
With faire entreaties, to appeaſe their wildnes;
And before him, take a great greife upon me
For the Duke's death, his ſtrange and ſodaine loſſe;
And when a quiet comes, expect thy joyes.
Al. I doe expect now to be made away
'Twixt this and Tueſday night: if I live Wedneſday,
Say I have byn carefull, and ſhun'd ſpoonemeate. [*Exit.*
Duch. This fellow lives too long after the deed:
I am weary of his ſight: he muſt die quickly,
Or I have ſmall hope of ſafetie. My great ayme's
At the Lord Governour's love: he is a ſpirit
Can ſway and countenaunce, theis obey and crowch.
My guiltynes had need of ſuch a maſter,
That with a beck can ſuppreſſe multitudes,
And dym miſdeedes, with radiance of his glory,
Not to be ſeene with dazeled popular eies.

Enter L. Governour.

And here behold him come.

Gov.

Gov. Returne back to 'em,
Say we desire 'em to be frends of peace
Till they heare farther from us.
Duch. O my lord,
I fly unto the p'tty of your noblenes,
The greivedst lady that was ere be-sett
With stormes of sorrowes, or wild rage of people.
Never was woman's greif for losse of lord
Deerer than mine to me.
Gov. Ther's no right don
To him now (Madam) by wrong don to yourself;
Your owne good wisedom may instruct you so far:
And for the people's tumult (which oft growes
From libertie, or rancknes of long peace)
I'll labour to restraine, as I've begun (Madam).
Duch. My thancks, and praises shall nev'r forget you (Sir)
And, in time to come, my love.
Gov. Your love (sweet Madam)?
You make my joyes too happy: I did covett
To be the fortunate man that blessing visitts,
Which I'll esteeme the crowne, and full reward
Of service present, and deserts to come.
It is a happines I'll be bold to sue for
When I have sett a calme upon theis sperits
That now are up for ruine.

Duch.

Duch. Sir, my wiſhes
Are ſo well mett in yours, ſo fairely anſwer'd
And nobely recompenced, it makes me ſuffer
In thoſe extreames that few have ever felt;
To hold two paſſions in one hart at once,
Of gladnes, and of ſorrow.

Gov. Then as the ollyff
Is the meeke enſigne of faire fruitfull peace,
So is this kiſſe of yours.

Duch. Love's powre be with you, Sir.

Gov. How ſh'as betrayd her! may I breathe no longer
Then to doe vertue ſervice, and bring forth
The fruites of noble thoughtes, honeſt and loyall:
This wilbe worth th'obſerving; and I'll do't.
[*Exit.*

Duch. What a ſure happines confirmes joy to me,
Now in the times of my moſt im̃inent dangers?
I lookd for ruyne; and encreaſe of honour
Meetes me auſpitiouſly. But my hopes are clogd now
With an unworthie weight: ther's the misfortune.
What courſe ſhall I take now with this yong man?
For he muſt be no hindraunce. I have thought on't.

I'll

I'll take ſome witches councell for his end,
That will be ſur'ſt. (Miſcheif is miſcheiffes frend.) [*Exit.*

SCE[a] 2[a].

Enter Sebaſtian & Fernando.

Seb. Yf ever you knew force of love in life, Sir,
Give to mine pitty.
Fer. You doe ill to doubt me.
Seb. I could make bold with no frend ſeemelier
Then with yourſelf, becauſe you were in preſence
At our vow-making.
Fer. I am a witnes to't.
Seb. Then you beſt underſtand of all men living
This is no wrong I offer, no abuſe
Either to faith, or frendſhip; for we are regiſterd
Huſband and wife in heaven, though there wants that
Which often keepes licentious man in awe
From ſtarting from their wedlocks, the knot publique.
'Tis in our ſoules knit faſt, and how more pretious

The

The ſoule is then the body, ſo much judge
The ſacred and celeſtiall tye within us,
More then the outward forme, which calls but witnes
Here upon earth, to what is don in heaven:
Though I muſt needes confes the leaſt is honorable
(As an embaſſador ſent from a king
Has honor by the employment, yet ther's greater
Dwells in the king that ſent him: ſo in this).

Enter Florida.

Fer. I approve all you ſpeake; and will appeere to you
A faithfull pittying frend.
Seb. Looke, there is ſhe, Sir,
One good for nothing but to make uſe of.
And I'm conſtrain'd to employ her to make all things
Plaine, eaſie, and probable: for when ſhe comes
And findes one here that claimes him, as I have taught
Both this to do't, and he to compound with her,
'Twill ſtirr beleif the more of ſuch a buſynes.
Fer. I praiſe the carriage well.
Seb. Hark you, ſweet miſtris,
I ſhall doe you a ſimple turne in this;

For

For ſhe diſgrac'd thus, you are up in favor
For ever, with her huſband.
Flo. That's my hope Sir,
I would not take the paines els. Have you the keys
Of the garden-ſide, that I may get betimes in,
Cloſely, and take her lodging?
Seb. Yes, I have thought upon you:
Here be the keyes.
Flo. Marry, and thancks (ſweet Sir)
Sett me to work ſo ſtill.
Seb. Your joyes are falce ones,
You ar like to lye alone: you'll be deceiv'd
Of the bed-fellow you look for; els my purpoſe
Were in an ill caſe: he's on his forthnightes jorney
You'll find cold comfort there: a dreame wilbe
Even the beſt market you can make to night.
She'll not be long now: you may looſe no time neither,
Yf ſhe but take you at the dore, 'tis enough.
When a ſuſpect doth catch once, it burnes maynely.
There may you end your buſynes, and as cunningly
As if you were i'th'chamber, if you pleaſe
To uſe but the ſame art.

Flo.

Flo. What need you urge that
Which comes ſo naturally I cannot miſſe on't?
What makes the devill ſo greedy of a ſoule
But 'cauſe he has loſt his owne, to all joyes loſt?
So 'tis our trade to ſett ſnares for other women
'Cauſe we were once caught ourſelves.

Seb. A ſweet alluſion:
Hell and a whore it ſeemes are partners then
In one ambition: yet thou'rt here deceiv'd now,
Thou canſt ſett none to hurt, or wrong her honor;
It rather makes it perfect. Beſt of frends
That ever loves extremities were bleſs'd with,
I feele mine armes with thee; and call my peace
The ofspring of thy frendſhip. I will thinck
This night my wedding night; and with a joy
As reverend as religion can make man's
I will embrace this bleſſing. Honeſt actions
Are lawes unto themſelves, and that good feare
Which is on others forc'd, growes kindly there.

Fer. Hark, hark! one knocks: away Sir, tis ſhe certenly:
It ſounds much like a woman's jealious larum,

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. By your leave Sir.

Fer. You'ar wellcom gentlewoman.

Iſa. Our ladiſhip then ſtands us in no ſtead now.

One word in privat Sir.

Fer. Noe ſurely for-ſooth,

There is no ſuch here, y'have miſtooke the houſe.

Iſa. Oh Sir, that have I not: excuſe me there,

I come not with ſuch ignoraunce: thinck not ſo Sir.

'Twas told me at the entring of your houſe here

By one that knowes him too well.

Fer. Who ſhould that be?

Iſa. Nay Sir, betraying is not my profeſſion;

But here I know he is; and I preſume

He would give me admittance, if he knew on't,

As one on's neareſt frends.

Fer. Y'ar not his wife for-ſooth?

Iſa. Yes, by my faith am I.

Fer. Cry you mercy then lady.

Iſa. She goes here by the name on's wife: good ſtuff!

But the bold ſtrumpet never told me that.

Fer. We are ſo oft deceiv'd that let our lodgings

We know not whom to truſt: 'tis ſuch a world,

There are ſo many odd trickes now a daies

Put upon houſe-keepers.

Iſa.

Iſa. Why? doe you thinck I'll'd wrong
You, or the reputation of your houſe?
'Pray ſhow me the way to him.
Fer. Hee's aſleepe (Lady)
The curtaines drawne about him.
Iſa. Well, well Sir,
I'll have that care, I'll not diſeaſe him much,
Tread you but lightly: oh, of what groſſe falce-
hood
Is man's hart made of? had my firſt love liv'd
And return'd ſafe, he would have byn a light
To all mens actions, his faith ſhinde ſo bright.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I cannot ſo deceive her, 'twer too ſinfull,
Theres more religion in my love, then ſoe.
It is not treacherous luſt that gives content
'T'an honeſt mind: and this could prove no
better.
Were it in me a part of manly juſtice,
That have fought ſtrange hard meanes to keep her
chaſt
To her firſt vow? and I t'abuſe her firſt!
Better I never knew what comfort were
In woman's love, then wickedly to know it.
What could the falſehood of one night availe
him

That muſt enjoy for ever, or he's loſt?
'Tis the way rather to draw hate upon me,
For (knowne) 'tis as impoſſible ſhe ſhould love me
As youth, in health, to doat upon a greif,
Or one that's robd and bound, t'affect a theif.
No, he that would ſoules ſacred comfort wyn,
Muſt burne in pure love, like a ſeraphin.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Cælio?

Seb. Sweet Madam.

Iſa. Thou haſt deluded me
There's no body.

Seb. How? I wonder he would miſſe (Madam)
Having appointed too: 'twer a ſtrange goodnes
If heaven ſhould turne his hart now by the way.

Iſa. Oh, never Cælio.

Seb. Yes, I ha' knowne the like:
Man is not at his owne diſpoſing (Madam)
The bleſsd powres have provided better for him,
Or he were miſerable. He may come yet;
'Tis earely (Madam) if you would be pleasd
To embrace my councell, you ſhould ſee this night over,
Since y'have beſtowd this paines.

Iſa. I intend ſoe.

Seb. That ſtrumpet would be found, els ſhe ſhould goe.

I curſe

I curſe the time now I did ev'r make uſe
Of ſuch a plague: Sin knowes not what it do's.
Exᵗ.

SCEª 3ª.

Enter Franciſca, *in her Chamber.*

Fra. 'Tis now my brother's time; even much about it:
For though he diſſembled a whole forthnights abſence
He comes againe to night: 'twas ſo agreed
Before he went. I muſt be-ſtir my wits now,
To catch this ſiſter of mine, and bring her name
To ſome diſgrace firſt, to preſerve mine owne.
Ther's proffit in that cunning. She caſt off
My company betimes to night, by tricks and ſleightes,
And I was well contented. I am reſolv'd
There's no hate loſt betweene us: for I know
She do's not love me now, but painefully
Like one that's forc'd to ſmile upon a greif,
To bring ſome purpoſe forward: and I'll pay her
In her owne mettle. They're now all at reſt,
And Gaſper there, and all: liſt! faſt a-ſleepe:

He cryes it hether. I muſt diſeaſe you ſtraight Sir.
For the maides-ſervants, and the girles o'th'houſe,
I ſpic'd them lately with a drowzie poſſet,
They will not heare in haſt. My brother's come:
Oh, where's this key now for him? here 'tis happely:
But I muſt wake him firſt. Why Gaſper, Gaſper.

Enter Gaſpero.

Gaſ. What a pox gaſpe you for?
Fra. Now I'll throw't downe.
Gaſ. Who's that call'd me now? ſomebody call'd Gaſper?
Fra. Oh, up, as thou'rt an honeſt fellow Gaſper.
Gaſ. I ſhall not riſe to night then. What's the matter?
Who's that? yong miſtris?
Fra. I: up, up, ſweet Gaſper;
My ſiſter hath both knock'd and call'd this howre,
And not a maid will ſtirr.
Gaſ. They'll ſtirr enough ſometimes.
Fra. Hark; hark agen! Gaſper, oh run, run, pre-thee.
Gaſ. Give me leave to cloath myſelf.

Fra.

Fra. Stand'ſt upon cloathing
In an extremitie? Hark, hark agen!
She may be dead ere thou com'ſt: oh, in quickly.
He's gon: he cannot chooſe but be tooke now

Enter Antonio.

Or met in his returne: that wilbe enough.
Brother! here take this light.
An. My carefull ſiſter.
Fra. Looke firſt in his owne lodging ere you enter.
An. Oh abusd confidence! there's nothing of him,
But what betrayes him more.
Fra. Then 'tis too true, Brother.
An. I'll make baſe luſt a terrible example,
No villany ere paied deerer.
Fra. Help! hold Sir.
An. I am deaff to all humanitie.
Fra. Liſt, liſt!
A ſtrange and ſodaine ſilence after all:
I truſt h'as ſpoil'd em both: too deere a happines.
Oh how I tremble betweene doubts and joies!
An. There periſh both; downe to the houſe of falcehood
Where perjurous wedlock weepes. Oh perjurous woman

Sh'ad tooke the innocence of ſleepe upon her
At my approach, and would not ſee me come,
As if ſh'ad layne there like a harmeles ſoule
And never dream'd of miſchief. What's all this now?
I feele no eaſe; the burthen's not yet off
So long as th' abuſe ſticks in my knowledge.
Oh, 'tis a paine of hell, to know one's ſhame!
Had it byn hid and don, it had ben don happy,
For he that's ignorant lives long and merry.

Fra. I ſhall know all now: Brother!

An. Come downe quickly; for I muſt kill thee too.

Fra. Me?

An. Stay not long:
Yf thou deſir'ſt to dye with litle paine,
Make haſte I'll'd wiſh thee, and come willingly.
Yf I be forc'd to come, I ſhalbe cruell
Above a man to thee.

Fra. Why Sir! why Brother!

An. Talk to thy ſoule, yf thou wilt talk at all:
To me thou'rt loſt for ever.

Fra. This is fearefull in you:
Beyond all reaſon (Brother) would you thus
Reward me for my care and truth ſhowne to you?

An. A curſſe upon 'em both; and thee for companie:

'Tis

'Tis that too dilligent thanckles care of thine
Makes me a murderer, and that ruines truth
That lightes me to the knowledge of my ſhame.
Hadſt thou byn ſecreat, then had I byn happy,
And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
Now here I ſtand, a ſhame to my creation;
And, which is heavier then all torments to me
The underſtanding of this baſe adultery,
And that thou toldſt me firſt, which thou deſerv'ſt
Death worthely for.

Fra. If that be the worſt, hold Sir,
Hold brother: I can eaſe your conſcience ſtraight;
By my ſoules hopes I can: ther's no ſuch thing.

An. How?

Fra. Bleſſe me but with life, I'll tell you all.
Your bed was never wrong'd.

An. What? never wrong'd?

Fra. I aſk but mercy, as I deale with truth now.
'Twas only my deceipt, my plot and cun̄ing,
To bring diſgrace upon her, by that meanes,
To keepe mine owne hid, which none knew but ſhe:
To ſpeake troth, I had a child by Aberzanes, Sir.

An. How? Aberzanes?

Fra.

Fra. And my mother's letter
Was counterfeyted, to get time and place
For my delivery.

An. Oh, my wrath's redoubled.

Fra. At my returne, ſhe could ſpeake all my folly,
And blam'd me, with good councell. I, for feare
It ſhould be made knowne, thus rewarded her,
Wrought you into ſuſpition without cauſe;
And at your com̃ing raisd up Gaſper ſodainely,
Sent him but in before you, by a falſehood,
Which (to your kindled jelouzie) I knew
Would add enough: what's now confeſs'd, is true.

An. The more I heare, the worſe it fares with me.
I ha' kill'd 'em now for nothing: yet the ſhame
Followes my blood ſtill. Once more, come downe:
Looke you, my ſword goes up. Call Hermio to me:
Let the new man alone: hee'll wake too ſoone
To find his miſtris dead, and looſe a ſervice.
Allready the day breakes upon my guilt.

Enter Hermio.

I muſt be breif, and ſodaine, Hermio!

Her.

Her. Sir.

An. Run; knock up Aberzanes ſpeedely:
Say I deſire his company this morning,
To yonder horſe-race, tell him. That will fetch him:—
Oh, heark you, by the way——

Her. Yes Sir.

An. Uſe ſpeed now,
Or I will nere uſe thee more; and perhaps
I ſpeake in a right howre: My greif ore-flowes,
I muſt in privat goe, and vent my woes. [*Ex*t.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCE[a] PRI[a].

Enter Sebaſtian * & Aberzanes.

Seb. YOU are wellcom Sir.

Ab. I thinck I am worthie on't,

For looke you (Sir) I come un-truſt (in troth).

Seb. The more's the pitty: (honeſter men goe to't)

That ſlaves ſhould ſcape it. What blade have you got there?

Ab. Nay, I know not that (Sir) I am not acquainted

Greatly with the blade: I am ſure 'tis a good Scabbard, and that ſatisfies me.

An. 'Tis long enough indeed, yf that be good.

Ab. I love to weare a long weapon; 'tis a thing com̃endable.

An. I pray, draw it, Sir.

Ab. It is not to be drawne.

* Inſtead of *Sebaſtian*, we ſhould read *Antonio*.

An.

An. Not to be drawne?

Ab. I doe not care to ſee't: to tell you troth Sir,
'Tis only a hollyday thing, to weare by a man's ſide.

An. Draw it, or I'll rip thee downe from neck to navill,
Though there's ſmall glory in't.

Ab. Are you in earneſt, Sir?

An. I'll tell thee that anon.

Ab. Why what's the matter Sir?

An. What a baſe miſery is this in life now!
This ſlave had ſo much daring courage in him,
To act a ſyn would ſhame whole generations,
But hath not ſo much honeſt ſtrength about him
To draw a ſword in way of ſatisfaction:
This ſhowes thy great guilt, that thou dar'ſt not fight.

Ab. Yes, I dare fight (Sir) in an honeſt cauſe.

An. Why come then (Slave) thou'ſt made my ſiſter a whore.

Ab. Prove that an honeſt cauſe, and I'll be hang'd.

An. So many ſtarting holes? Can I light no way?
Goe too, you ſhall have your wiſh, all honeſt play.
Come forth thou fruitfull wickednes; thou ſeed Of

Of ſhame and murder: take to thee in wedlock
Baſenes and cowardize; a fit match for thee.
Come Sir, along with me.

Ab. 'Las, what to doe?

I am too yong to take a wife, in troth.

An. But old enough to make a ſtrumpet though:
You'll'd fayne get all your children beforehand,
And marry, when y'have don: that's a ſtrange courſe Sir.
This woman I beſtow on thee: What doſt thou ſay?

Ab. I would I had ſuch another to beſtow on you, Sir.

An. Uncharitable ſlave; dog, coward as thou art
To wiſh a plague ſo great as thine, to any!

Ab. To my frend Sir, where I thinck I may be bold.

An. Downe; and do't ſollempnely: contract yourſelves
With truth and zeale, or nere riſe up agen.
I will not have her die i' th' ſtate of ſtrumpet,
Though ſhe tooke pride to live one. Hermio, the wine.

Her. 'Tis here Sir: 'troth I wonder at ſome things,
But I'll keepe honeſt.

An.

An. Soe: heer's to you both now,
And to your joies, if't be your luck to find 'em:
I tell you, you muſt weepe hard, if you doe.
Devide it 'twixt you both: you ſhall not need
A ſtrong bill of divorcement after that
Yf you miſlike your bargaine. Goe, get in now;
Kneele and pray hartely to get forgivenes
Of thoſe two ſoules whoſe bodies thou haſt murder'd.
Spread ſubtle poyſon! Now my ſhame in her
Will dye when I dye: ther's ſome comfort yet.
I doe but thinck how each man's puniſhment
Proves ſtill a kind of juſtice to himſelf.
I was the man that told this inocent gentlewoman
(Whom I did falcely wed and falcely kill)
That he that was her huſband firſt by contract,
Was ſlayne i'th' feild: and he's knowne yet to live.
So did cruelly beguile his hart,
For which I am well rewarded: ſo is Gaſper
Who, to befrend my love, ſwore fearefull othes
He ſaw the laſt breath fly from him. I ſee now
'Tis a thing dreadfull t'abuſe holy vowes
And falls moſt weightie.

Her. Take comfort Sir:
You'r guilty of no death: they're only hurt,
And that not mortally.

Enter

Enter Gaſpero.

An. Thou breath'ſt untruthes.
Her. Speake Gaſper, for me then.
Gaſ. Your unjuſt rage, Sir,
Has hurt me without cauſe.
An. 'Tis chang'd to greif for't.
How fares my wife?
Gaſ. No doubt Sir, ſhe fares well,
For ſhe nev'r felt your fury. The poore ſinner
That hath this ſeaven yeere kept herſelf ſound for you,
'Tis your luck to bring her into th' ſurgeons hands now.
An. Florida.
Gaſ. She: I know no other, Sir,
You were nev'r at charge yet but with one light-horſe.
An. Why wher's your lady? wher's my wife to-night then?
Gaſ. Nay aſk not me, Sir; your ſtruck doa within
Tells a ſtrange tale of her.
An. This is unſufferable:
Never had man ſuch meanes to make him mad.
Oh, that the poyſon would but ſpare my life
'Till I had found her out!

Her.

Her. Your wiſh is graunted Sir;
Upon the faithfullnes of a pittying ſervant,
I gave you none at all; my hart was kinder.
Let not conceyt abuſe you, you'r as healthfull
(For any drug) as life yet ever found you.
An. Why heer's a happines wipes of mightie ſorrowes:

Enter L. Governour.

The benefit of ever-pleaſing ſervice
Bleſſe thy profeſſion!—Oh my worthie lord,
I have an ill bargaine: never man had worſe.
The woman that (unworthie) weares your blood
To countenance ſyn in her; your neice, ſhe's falce.
Gov. Falce!
An. Impudent, adulterous.
Gov. You'r too lowd,
And grow too bold too with her vertuous meekenes;

Enter Florida.

Who dare accuſe her?
Flo. Heer's one dare and can.
She lyes this night with Celio her owne ſervant:
The place, Fernando's houſe.
Gov. Thou doſt amaze us.

An. Why heer's but luſt tranſlated from one baſenes
Into another: heere I thought to have caught 'em,
But lighted wrong, by falce intelligence,
And made me hurt the inocent. But now
I'll make my revenge dreadfuller then a tempeſt;
An army ſhould not ſtop me, or a ſea
Devide 'em from my revenge. [*Exit.*

Gov. I'll not ſpeake
To have her ſparde, if ſhe be baſe and guilty.
Yf otherwies, heaven will not ſee her wrong'd,
I need not take care for her. Let that woman
Be carefully lookd to (both for health and ſurenes)
It is not that miſtaken wound thou wearſt,
Shalbe thy priviledge.

Flo. You cannot torture me
Worſe than the ſurgeon do's: ſo long I care not.

Gov *. Yf ſhe be adulterous I will never truſt
Vertues in women; they'r but veyles for luſt.
[*Exit.*

Her. To what a laſting ruine miſcheiſe runs.
I had thought I had well and happely ended all,
In keeping back the poyſon; and new rage now
Spreads a worſe venom. My poore lady greives me:
'Tis ſtrange to me that her ſweet ſeeming vertues

* In the MS. theſe two lines are part of *Florida's* Speech; they however certainly belong to the *Governor*.

Should be ſo meanely over-tooke with Celio,
A ſervant: 'tis not poſſible.

Enter Iſabella & Sebaſtian.

Iſa. Good morrow, Hermio:
My ſiſter ſtirring yet?
Her. How? ſtirring forſooth!
Here has byn ſimple ſtirring. Are you not hurt Madam?
Pray ſpeake; we have a ſurgeon ready.
Iſa. How? a ſurgeon!
Her. Hath byn at work theis five howres.
Iſa. How he talkes!
Her. Did you not meete my maſter?
Iſa. How, your maſter? why came he home to night?
Her. Then know you nothing, Madam?
Pleaſe you but walk in, you ſhall heare ſtrange buſines.
Iſa. I am much beholding to your truth now, am I not?
Y'have ſerv'd me faire: my creadit's ſtaind for ever. [*Ex*t.
Seb. This is the wicked'ſt fortune that ere blew:
Wee'r both undon, for nothing: ther's no way
Flatters recovery now: the thing's ſo groſſe
Her diſgrace greives me more then a life's loſſe.
[*Exit.*

SCE[a] 2[a]*.

Enter Ducheſſe, Hecat, Fireſtone.

Hec. What death is't you deſire for Almachildes?

Duch. A ſodaine and a ſubtle.

Hec. Then I have fitted you.
Here lye the guifts of both; ſodaine and ſubtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blew fire, kindled with dead mens' eyes,
Will waſte him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, pree-thee?

Hec. Perhaps in a moone's progreſſe.

Duch. What? a moneth?
Out upon pictures! if they be ſo tedious,
Give me things with ſome life.

Hec. Then ſeeke no farther.

Duch. This muſt be don with ſpeed, diſpatch'd this night,
If it may poſſible.

Hec. I have it for you:
Her's that will do't: ſtay but perfection's time
And that's not five howres hence.

Duch. Canſt thou do this?

Hec. Can I?

Duch. I meane, ſo cloſely.

Hec. So clofely doe you meane too?
Duch. So artfully, fo cunningly.
Hec. Worfe & worfe; doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let fcrupulous creatures know

Cum volui, ripis ipfis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere fuos; concuffaq. fifto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaq. induco: ventos abigoq. vocoq.
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et filvas moveo, jubeoq. tremifcere montes,
Et mugire folum, manefq. exire fepulchres.
Te quoque Luna traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter?
That can make mountaines tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the fpiritts
Of the entomb'd to burft out from their marbles;
Nay draw yond moone to my envolv'd defignes?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad
And our great catt angrie; for one fpitts French then,
And thother fpitts Latten.
Duch. I did not doubt you, Mother.
Hec. No? what did you,
My powre's fo firme, it is not to be queftion'd.

Duch. Forgive what's paſt: and now I know th' offenſivenes
That vexes art, I'll ſhun th' occaſion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five ſiſters, daughter.
It ſhall be convaid in at howlett-time.
Take you no care. My ſpiritts know their moments:
Raven, or ſcreitch-owle never fly by th' dore
But they call in (I thanck 'em) and they looſe not by't.
I give 'em barley ſoakd in infants' blood:
They ſhall have ſemina cum ſanguine,
Their gorge crambd full if they come once to our houſe:
We are no niggard.
Fire. They fare but too well when they come heather: they eate
Up as much tother night as would have made me a good
Conſcionable pudding.
Hec. Give me ſome lizards-braine: quickly Fireſtone.
Wher's grannam Stadlin, and all the reſt o' th' ſiſters?
Fire. All at hand forſooth.

Hec.

Hec. Give me Marmaritin; ſome Bear-breech: when?

Fire. Heer's Beare-breech, and lizards braine forſooth.

Hec. Into the veſſell;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girle
I kill'd laſt midnight.

Fire. Whereabouts, ſweet Mother?

Hec. Hip; hip or flanck. Where is the Acopus?

Fire. You ſhall have Acopus, forſooth.

Hec. Stir, ſtir about; whilſt I begin the charme.

A charme Song, about a Veſſell.

Black ſpiritts, and white; Red ſpiritts, and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keepe it ſtiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it luckey;
Liard, Robin, you muſt bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keepe out!

1. *Witch.* Heer's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that; oh put in that.

2. Heer's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put in againe.
1. The juice of toad; the oile of adder.
2. Thoſe will make the yonker madder.
Hec. Put in: ther's all, and rid the ſtench.
Fire. Nay heer's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.
All. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. So, ſoe, enough: into the veſſell with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection: I am ſo light
At any miſcheif: ther's no villany
But is a tune methinkes.
Fire. A Tune! 'tis to the tune of dampnation then. I warrant
You that ſong hath a villanous burthen.
Hec. Come my ſweet ſiſters; let the aire ſtrike our tune,
Whilſt we ſhow reverence to yond peeping moone.
[*Here they daunce. The Witches dance & Ex^t.*

SCE^a 3^a*.

Enter L. Governor, Iſabella, Florida, Franciſca, Abberzanes, Gaſpero, Hermio.

Iſa. My lord, I have given you nothing but the truth

Of a moſt plaine and inocent intent.
My wrongs being ſo apparant in this woman
(A creature that robbs wedlock of all comfort,
Where ere ſhe faſtens) I could doe no leſſe
But ſeeke meanes privatly to ſhame his folly.
No farther reachd my mallice; and it glads me
That none but my baſe injurer is found
To be my falce accuſor.

Gov. This is ſtrange
That he ſhould give the wrongs, yet ſeeke revenge.
But ſirha you; you are accusd here doubly:
Firſt by your lady, for a falce intelligence
That causd her abſence, which much hurts her name,
Though her intents were blameles: next by this woman,
For an adulterous deſigne and plott
Practisd betweene you to entrap her honour,
Whilſt ſhe, for her hire, ſhould enjoy her huſband.
Your anſweare.

Seb. Part of this is truth (my Lord)
To which I am guilty in a raſh intent,
But cleere in act; and ſhe moſt cleere in both,
Not ſanctitie more ſpotles.

Her. Oh my lord.

Gov.

Gov. What newes breakes there?
Her. Of ſtrange diſtruction:
Here ſtands the lady, that within this howre
Was made a widow.
Gov. How?
Her. Your neice (my Lord).
A fearefull unexpected accident
Brought death to meet his fury: for, my lord,
Entring Fernando's houſe, like a raisd tempeſt
(Which nothing heedes but its owne violent rage)
Blinded with wrath and jelouzie (which ſcorne guides)
From a falce trap-dore fell into a depth
Exceeds a temple's height; which takes into it
Part of the doongeon that falls threeſcore faddom
Under the caſtle.
Gov. Oh you ſeede of luſt
Wrongs and revenges wrongfull, with what terrors
You doe preſent yourſelves to wretched man
When his ſoule leaſt expects you!
Iſa. I forgive him
All his wrongs now, and ſigne it with my pitty.
Flo. Oh my ſweet ſervant!
Gov. Looke to yond light miſtris.
Gaſ. She's in a ſwowne, my lord.
Gov. Convey her hence:
It is a ſight would greive a modeſt eie

To

To ſee a ſtrumpett's ſoule ſinck into paſſion
For him that was the huſband of another.
Yet all this cleeres not you.
Seb. Thancks to heaven
That I am now of age to cleere myſelf then.
Gov. Sebaſtian!
Seb. The ſame, much wrong'd, Sir.
Iſa. Am I certaine
Of what mine eie takes joy to looke upon?
Seb. Your ſervice cannot alter me from knowledge:
I am your ſervant ever.
Gov. Wellcom to life (Sir)
Gaſper, thou ſwor'ſt his death.
Gaſ. I did indeed (my Lord)
And have byn ſince well paid for't: one forſworne mouth
Hath gott me two or three more here.
Seb. I was dead (Sir)
Both to my joies, and all mens' underſtanding,
Till this my howre of life; for 'twas my fortune
To make the firſt of my returne to Urbin
A witnes to that marriage: ſince which time,
I have walk'd beneath myſelf, and all my comforts
Like one on earth whoſe joyes are laid above:
And though it had byn offence ſmall in me
To enjoy mine own, I left her pure and free.

Gov.

Gov. The greater and more ſacred is thy bleſſing.
For where heaven's bountie holly ground-work finds,
'Tis like a ſea, encompaſſing chaſt minds.

Enter Ducheſs.

Her. The ducheſs comes, my lord.
Gov. Be you then all witneſſes
Of an intent moſt horrid.
Duch. One poore night,
Ever Almachildes now. Better his meaner fortunes wept then ours.
That tooke the true height of a princeſſe ſpirit
To match unto their greatnes. Such lifes as his
Were onely made to breake the force of fate
Ere it came at us, and receive the venom.
'Tis but a uſuall frendſhip for a miſtris
To looſe ſome forty yeares life in hopefull time
And hazard an eternall ſoule for ever:
As yong as he has don, and more deſertfull.
Gov. Madam.
Duch. My Lord.
Gov. This is the howre that I have ſo long deſird:
The tumult's full appeaz'd: Now may we both
Exchange embraces with a fortunate arme,
And practiſe to make love-knotts, thus.

[Duke *is diſcovered.*

Duch.

Duch. My Lord!

Gov. Thus luſtfull woman, and bold murdreſſe, thus.

Bleſſed powres, to make my loyaltie & truth ſo happy!

Looke thee, thou ſhame of greatnes, ſtayne of honour,

Behold thy worke, and weep before thy death.

If thou bee'ſt bleſs'd with ſorrow and a conſcience,

Which is a guift from heaven, and ſeldom knocks

At any murderer's breaſt with ſounds of comfort,

See this thy worthie and unequalld peice;

A faire encouragement for another huſband!

Duch. Beſtow me upon death, Sir, I am guilty,

And of a cruelty above my cauſe.

His injury was too low for my revenge.

Performe a juſtice that may light all others

To noble actions: Life is hatefull to me,

Beholding my dead lord. Make us an one

In death, whom marriage made one of two living,

Till curſed fury parted us. My lord,

I covet to be like him.

Gov. No, my ſword

Shall never ſtayne the virgin brightnes on't

With blood of an adultereſſe.

Duch. There, my lord,

I dare my accuſors, and defy the world

Death,

Death, ſhame, and torment: Blood I am guilty of,
But not adultery, not the breach of honour.

Gov. No! come forth Almachildes.

Enter Almachildes.

Duch. Almachildes!
Hath time brought him about to ſave himſelf
By my diſtruction? I am juſtly doombd.

Gov. Doe you know this woman?

Al. I have knowne her better Sir, then at this time.

Gov. But ſhe defies you there.

Al. That's the com'on trick of them all.

Duch. Nay, ſince I am touch'd ſo neere, before my death then,
In right of honor's inocence, I am bold
To call heaven and my woman here to witnes.
My lord, let her ſpeek truth, or may ſhe periſh!

Enter Amoretta.

Am. Then Sir, by all the hopes of a maid's comfort,
Either in faithfull ſervice, or bleſs'd marriage,
The woman that his blinded folly knew
Was onely a hirde ſtrumpet, a profeſſor
Of luſt and impudence, which here is ready
To approve what I have ſpoken.

Al.

Al. A com̃on ſtrumpet!
This comes of ſcarffes: I'll never more weare
An habbardaſhers ſhop before mine eies agen.
Gov. My ſword is prowd thou art lightend of that ſyn:
Dye then a murdreſſe only!
Duke. Live a Ducheſſe,
Better then ever lov'd, embrac'd and honor'd.
Duch. My lord?
Duke. Nay, ſince in honor thou canſt juſtly riſe,
Vaniſh all wrongs, thy former practiſe dies.
I thanck thee Almachildes, for my life,
This lord for truth, and heaven for ſuch a wife;
Who, though her intent ſyn'd, yet ſhe makes amends
With greif and honor (vertues nobleſt ends).
What greivd you then, ſhall never more offend you;
Your father's ſkull with honor wee'll inter
And give the peace due to the ſepulcher;
And in all times, may this daie ever prove
A daie of triumph, joie, and honeſt love!

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quinti.

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